THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 The INDIAN RIVALS.
2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—The ELEPHANT.
3 Newest PARIS DRESS, elegantly coloured.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
5 MUSIC.—An ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN-REDBREAST. Written by PETER PINDAR, Esq.; composed by MR. W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORIO's Essay is too prolix and uninteresting.

We are obliged to Camilla for her remarks. Her request will be attended to.

The articles contained in A. C.'s packet will be made use of occasionally.

The brief Description of Part of Derbyshire is received—as are also the Ode to Peace, by W. T.—Verses on Peace, by J. E.—Allegory on the subject of the Death of Hector, by W. G.—Lines addressed to Miss C. M.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1801.

THE INDIAN RIVALS;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

AMID the uncultivated wilds of the new world, on the banks of the far-winding river Missouri, a tribe of Indians pursued their usual occupations of hunting and of war. Among them Hevor distinguished himself by his strength, his swiftness, and the heroism of his character. In war his enemies trembled and fled before him; but in peace, when the hostile hatchet was buried deep beneath the blood-stained earth, the chain of friendship brightened in his hands, and he served with ardent zeal those whom he had fought with unabating courage. Nor was he a stranger to the influence of the gentlest of passions: the charms of Alaba, who in symmetry of features and sprightliness of manners excelled all the females of her tribe, had won his heart; and his manly figure and noble qualities had made a similar impression on the affections of the Indian beauty. Together they traversed the spacious hills, or ranged along the borders of the mighty stream, supremely happy in each other, and mutually exchanging vows of eternal love and fidelity. Thus they lived, and a thousand successive rising and descending suns saw no change in their felicity.

But the beauties of Alaba were not the object of admiration to Hevor alone; they had excited more gross and ungovernable desires in the breast of Shawanee, another warrior of the same tribe. Though, fearing to contend with the superior strength of Hevor, he offered no violence, he was not wanting in insidious attempts to prevail over her constancy when her lover was absent; but all his offers received no other answer than the strongest expressions of contempt. Alaba, however, did not discover to Hevor the treacherous conduct of his friend—for such Shawanee professed himself to be—to prevent the consequences of the indignation and rage which she knew such a discovery must excite in his breast.

The passion of Shawanee was only still more inflamed by the coldness and contempt with which he was treated by Alaba, and he began secretly to wish that Hevor might fall or be taken prisoner in some encounter with the enemies of his nation, not doubting but Alaba would then listen with a much more favourable ear to his amorous solicitations. For some time he fondly indulged in this hope; and whenever a conflict took place, in which

 they

they were engaged together with any of the parties of the foe, he endeavoured to urge him on, determined to leave him without assistance, and betray him into the hands of the enemy. But from every danger of this kind the courage, strength, and address of Hevor extricated him; and Shawanee at length resolved to inflict with his own hands, at some convenient opportunity, that mortal blow which he had no hope to see given by the hatchet of the enemy.

Not long after he had adopted this base resolution, it chanced that, while they were hunting together in the woods, Shawanee perceiving that Hevor had for a moment quitted his arms, conceived that now was the time to carry his design into execution. He immediately attacked him with his tomahawk; but Hevor, suddenly turning his head, perceived the blow aimed at him, and eluded it with extraordinary agility. He immediately seized the assailant and threw him on the ground, falling on him at the same instant, and endeavouring to wrench from his grasp the murderous weapon.

During the struggle, a party of warriors, of the nation which was almost continually engaged in hostilities with their tribe, came suddenly up, and compelled them to think only of saving their lives by a hasty flight. The agility and speed of Hevor enabled him to outstrip his pursuers; but Shawanee, hurt by the violence of his fall, and the exertions of his antagonist, fell into their hands, and with him they marched off in triumph; proposing, according to their sanguinary custom, to revenge, by his tortures and death, the fate of their friends and countrymen, who had fallen in battle by the arms of the warriors of his nation.

Hevor, when he had reached a place of security, and found that Shawanee was the captive of the enemy, assembled as many of the warriors of his tribe as could be hastily collected, and resolved to pursue the enemy, and endeavour to effect the delivery of his late companion, the cause of whose perfidious attack upon him he knew not, and was even at a loss to conjecture. But Alaba, hearing what had passed, flew to him, and explained the attacks made on her fidelity by the treacherous Shawanee.

'It matters not,' exclaimed Hevor: 'he is my countryman; and he was, I believe, my friend, before his passion overpowered his reason and his honour. He shall not die by the cruelty of the enemy.'

He immediately set out with the other warriors; and, following the traces of the enemy, came up with them at the time when they were preparing to sacrifice Shawanee to their vengeance, according to their barbarous rites. The victim was bound to the stake, and the fire already kindled, when Hevor and his warriors came up, and furiously began an attack on the foe, who did not suspect that an enemy was so near them, and were unprepared for the conflict. The brave Hevor and his companions soon compelled their antagonists to give way, and Hevor himself unbound Shawanee from the stake; who, lost in astonishment at the magnanimity of the noble-minded warrior, joined in the battle, and fought by his side, without uttering a word. But now the fortune of the day was suddenly changed by the arrival of a band of fresh warriors to the aid of the almost defeated party. The contest was, therefore, renewed with redoubled fury; when Hevor, led too far by his ardent courage, was separated from his companions in arms, surrounded by the enemy,

enemy, overpowered by numbers, and dragged away captive. The battle had been irrecoverably lost to his party, had it not been that instant joined by another band of warriors who had followed them with all the speed they could make. Shawance immediately put himself at the head of them, and furiously rushed upon the enemy, exclaiming——

'Oh, noble Hevor! thy rival in love, I basely sought thy life: now will I rival thee in magnanimity and courage, and rescue thee, or die!'

The contest was long and bloody, but at length the foe gave way on every side, and Shawanee and his warriors penetrated to that part of the troop where Hevor was detained a prisoner. Here the conflict was fiercely renewed; but nothing could withstand the courage, or rather desperation, of Shawanee, who, though covered with wounds from which the blood streamed in torrents, pressed on till he had completely delivered Hevor from the power of the enemy: then, exhausted and dying, he sank at his feet, and with a faultering voice exclaimed—

'Accept, generous warrior, this expiation of my foul crime! Thy magnanimity will be satisfied with this atonement.—Forgive!'——

He could utter no more, but breathed his last.

'If, when my rival in love,' said Hevor, while he embraced and bathed him with his tears, 'thou wast unsuccessful and disgraced thyself, in this rivalry thou hast obtained the victory and eternal honour. Thou art an example how much violent passions should be guarded against, which can thus degrade the soul, and hurry to the basest acts minds not incapable of noble exertions and heroic virtue.'

On the Poetical Personification *of* Envy.

Envy is a personage frequently introduced by the poets, and we have several descriptions of her, all indeed formed on the same model, and copied from each other. The first of these is in Ovid's Metamorphoses, book ii, where she is employed like a Fury by Minerva, to infect the mind of Aglauros. The description is partly natural, partly emblematical. She is represented as dwelling in a cave seated in a cold dark valley. She is found chewing the flesh of vipers, which may be interpreted feeding on malignant thoughts. Her gait is sluggish, her countenance pale, her body lean; she looks askance; her breast is suffused with gall, and her tongue flows with poison. She never smiles, but at mischief; she is sleepless through anxiety; she pines at the view of prosperity, and suffers as much as she inflicts. This is little more than the natural description of an envious person, the bodily effects of which corroding passion are almost literally to envenom the juices and cause a superabundance of acrid gall. It is a stroke of nature, too, when she is represented as sighing deeply at the view of Minerva's beauty and splendor, and scarcely forbearing to weep as she passes over the flourishing and opulent city of Athens. Her thorny staff allegorically expresses the pains of mind produced by envious affections.—The blight and desolation which fall on the subjacent earth, over which she takes her flight, denote the baleful effects of this passion.

'She takes her staff, with thorny wreaths begirt, [goes
And, veil'd in murky clouds, where'er she
Beats down the ripening corn, the verdant fields
Withers, and every flowery summit crops;
And, 'mid subjacent people, houses, towns,
Breathes foul contagion.'

Her

Her mode of infecting the unhappy Aglauros is by stroking her breast wish her envenomed hands, and infixing her hooked thorns.

There are two descriptions of Envy in 'The Fairy Queen;' both of them loathsome and disgusting, and, though manifestly imitated from that of Ovid, less distinct and consistent as allegories. The only additional circumstance worth remarking is, that the garment of Envy is painted full of eyes—an emblem, no doubt, of the sharp-sightedness of envious persons in discerning the faults of their neighbours.

Cowley, in his 'Davideis,' gives a portrait of Envy, drawn with much strength and with some novelty:

'Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast hung vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both day and night they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim.'

Garth has bestowed a good deal of labour upon a similar description in his 'Dispensary,' but with little or no improvement on the established imagery.

On the PROSPECT *of* PEACE.

[*From Helen Maria Williams's 'Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.'*]

THE glad tidings of the armistice, the harbinger of peace, had just reached us when your letter arrived to confirm the joyful intelligence. Peace!—what music in that sound to the ear of humanity!—How the heart exults in the blessedness of that perspective! The thought is relief from almost physical oppression. I know not if there be any truth in the doctrine of those harsh metaphysicians who tell us that the state of nature is a state of war; but if it be true, it is no matter how soon we forsake, and how far we wander from the influence of this malevolent divinity. I love to believe that this philosophy is false, and this original sin (which is said so easily to beset mankind) of murdering each other in quarrels called wars, is the detestable dogma of some corrupted creed, which the world will do well to get rid of altogether. Ah, no! Nature is kind and beneficent; peace is her dear delight; and it is only in the birth of society, when its duties are ill understood—or its decay, when every principle that dignifies man is corrupted, that we see experiments made on human happiness, which philosophers endeavour to explain by calling them natural.

If we hail with satisfaction the benign hope of Peace, we who, shielded from the storm of war, hear only of its ravages by the information conveyed in gazettes, commonly served up with the repast of the morning, who sit leisurely sipping our tea and coffee, and calmly read of incursions and battles, of villages burnt, towns bombarded, cities famished, and armies destroyed,—if we, from whom the detail of these events is concealed by remote distance, whose ears are not tormented by the shriek of the widow, whose eyes are not moistened by the sight of the orphan,—if we feel delight in knowing that the fury of war is stayed,

stayed, that a respite is given to desolated humanity—what must be the rapture of those who are the immediate actors or sufferers in such scenes, on whom the cruel duty is imposed to invade, to ravage, and to destroy—on whom the terrible lot has fallen to be invaded, ravaged, and destroyed!

'At a distance from this devastation, we hear indeed of battles and triumphs, we know that the conqueror's laurel has been plentifully bedewed with blood; but we fly from the painful sensation which that idea excites, or hasten to relieve it by talking of dying in the field of honour and reposing on the lap of glory. If, however, while we hear the tale of memorable battles, we can lull our bitter feelings by such specious opiates; if the sounds of immortal renown, of names consecrated to everlasting remembrance, can drown the voice of pity and hush the feelings of regret; how shall we calm the horror excited by details of calamity occasioned by war, of which no glory alleviates the suffering, where no illusion affords us refuge?

'Let us look for a moment at only one spot, one little spot of this wide scene of calamity; let us contemplate one short period of these nine years of human depopulation—that period when the army of Italy, after the taking Coni and wintering in the Appennines, defended the city of Genoa. Entirely destitute of succour, this wretched army passed a rigorous winter on the savage rocks which bound the Ligurian republic. Pale, squalid, disfigured, famished, and naked, the soldiers had the look of spectres. The roads were covered with the dying and the dead; and such as had strength to reach an hospital found there neither straw, food, or succour of any kind, meeting only with a speedier, more certain and cruel death, than even in the infectious camps or highways which they had left.

'Whole corps deserted without their chiefs; and it was an affecting spectacle to see officers, abandoned by their soldiers, remaining single at the posts which had been confided to their troops. Some generals even left the army without leave, abandoning countries given up to despair, and endeavouring to escape from death, which, on all sides, multiplied itself in its most hideous forms. Thus, without the least employment of their arms, the enemy beheld the French, in the state of Genoa alone, lose, in one single winter (the most disastrous, indeed, of which the annals of war make mention), nearly thirty thousand men capable of bearing arms.

'If soldiers, with the means of force in their hands, are sometimes subject to such cruel calamities, what must be the lot of the defenceless citizen?—Who, without horror, will open the last page of modern history, and read a relation of that part of the blockade of Genoa which immediately preceded the capitulation? The city remained calm; the news of the negotiation contributed to this tranquillity, for the sufferings were horrible. Every feature was discomposed, every figure bore the stamp of deep affliction or sudden despair; the streets resounded with piercing cries; death multiplied its victims, and devouring famine raged on every side. The day sometimes opened on horrible pictures of human misery:—mothers, dead with hunger, were frequently found with infants at their breasts, corpses like themselves. And what an example of resignation and devotedness did this unhappy city of Genoa present! Scarcely will it be believed, that one hundred and sixty thousand souls, so long a prey to all the

the sorrows of famine, seeing the old and the young dying around them, reduced themselves to live on herbs or roots, on animals the most nauseous, or such as had died of diseases, and notwithstanding the rapid decline of their own health, should rather have chosen to bear such calamities as these, than attempt a revolt against troops weakened by combats, but still more by their physical state, and against whom they were often excited to rise. This is surely a remarkable effect of the force of national enmity, and of the hatred of the Genoese to the Austrian government!'

The preceding extract is taken from the journal of a general officer, with whom I am acquainted, and who served in Genoa during the siege. Without pausing to lament the soldiers who perished, (it was their business to die!) who can bear to meditate on fifteen thousand innocent victims, on women and children, the feebleness of age, and the helplessness of infancy, all a prey to famine? When Ugolino and his children beheld their prison doors closed on them for ever, no perspective of succour mocked their hopes—they beheld no refuge but death. Here, while the father, tortured by hunger, beheld with desperation his imploring children; while the mother fixed her agonising look on her expiring infant, struggling in vain to draw the maternal nourishment from sources now dried up; ships were descried on the distant horizon, ships loaded with plenty and with life—but an hostile fleet barred their passage!

Let us draw a veil over scenes like these. In proportion to the horror which they inspire, is the delight arising from the hope that they will be renewed no more.

ANECDOTE.

A Poor fruit-woman at Paris not being able to pay two or three quarters' rent which she was indebted, her rigid landlord insisted she should sell her goods. The few effects she possessed were scarcely sufficient to discharge her debts and the expences of the sale, and she shed many tears at the prospect of being reduced to the most abject poverty. Her grief was increased when she saw put up to sale a little old dirty picture of St. Jerome, which had always hung at her bed's head, and which, as it had belonged to her mother and her grand-mother before her, she had conceived a great regard for. A painter, who had examined the picture, put it up at half-a-crown; a virtuoso, who was present at the sale, immediately bid double. The artist, thinking to stop the mouth of his competitor at once, bid a louis-d'or. 'Fifty livres!' replied the other. 'A hundred livres!' rejoined the painter.

In the mean time the poor woman was transported with joy: her rent and all expences were more than paid by the little St. Jerome. Her joy was redoubled when she heard the amateur offer two hundred livres for the picture, and she could scarcely contain herself when he raised the price, by bidding upon bidding, to six hundred.

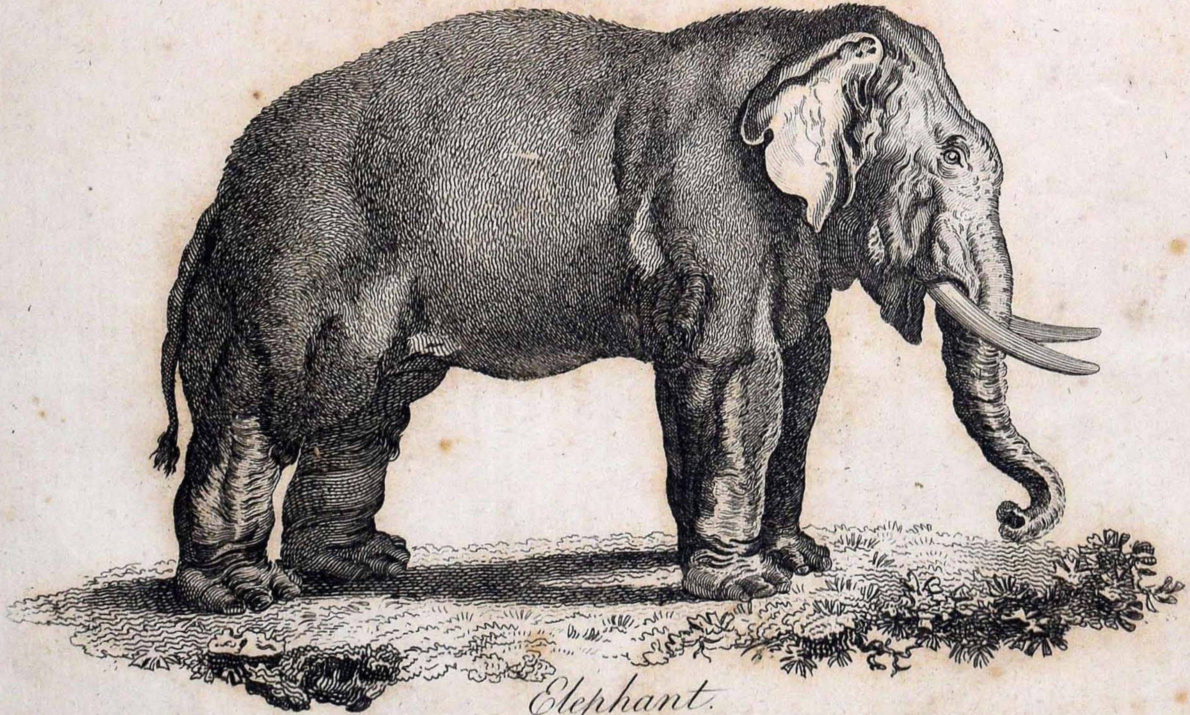
The painter was then obliged to yield, and, with a countenance strongly expressive of disappointment, said to the purchaser,

'You are very fortunate, sir, in being richer than I am; for, if I could have spared the money, you should not have had it for six thousand livres.'

The picture was an original by Raphael.

The

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Elephant.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 461.)

DIVISION II. SECTION I.

WHOLE-HOOFED ANIMALS.

Genus, Horse—*Species,* 5.

Herbivorous and Granivorous.

LETTER XXXII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

EXPERIENCE suggests the idea that the subjugation of the horse to the service of man was one of the most beneficial events that ever occurred in the animal world; as the gracefulness of his form, the complacency and spirit blended in his disposition, and his general aptitude to perform various useful but laborious employs, render him an epitome of brute perfection. Your ladyship will perceive the necessity of confining our observations on this genus within due bounds, as their qualities are as generally known as admired; therefore it will be expedient only to mark their several varieties, and bestow due, but concise, commendations on their useful properties. The distinctive marks of this genus are—a hoof consisting of one piece, and six cutting teeth in each jaw.

THE GENEROUS HORSE.

EVERY appropriate appellation must be either a token of praise or reproach, as it expressly marks the quality of the subject to which it is annexed: in the present case it is evidently an eulogium in the most superlative degree, as it proclaims the noble properties of the horse species, by ascribing as its peculiar characteristic a magnanimity of nature which ennobles even the human kind, and thereby entitles it to superiority over the animal tribes. As the exterior structure of the horse is obvious to the most common observation, I shall only remark that this species have invariably a long flowing mane, and a tail covered uniformly with long hair. In their majestic stature, and the perfect symmetry of their limbs, they appear constructed with peculiar elegance and exact proportion. On a review of the several parts which are comprised in this beautiful and useful race, we may clearly perceive dignity blended with the most benign qualities, and conscious consequence tempered with due submission. If we attentively survey the countenance of the horse, we may discern its comprehensive expression. His eyes are vivacious, his ears beautifully formed, and his jaws, notwithstanding their length, do not appear of a displeasing magnitude. His chest is so open and graceful in its structure, that it elevates the head with singular grace, and thereby enables him to behold the human species in a congenial position. His mane adorns his neck, and displays the sign of strength and courage, with which this noble animal is eminently endued. His bushy tail not only completes the symmetry of his form, but also ministers to his comfort; as, notwithstanding he cannot elevate it, its pendulous position perfectly accords with the contours of his body, and, as he can move it on either side, it enables him to free himself from flies and other insects that annoy him, which evinces the cruelty of depriving him of this natural weapon of defence. As this animal is esteemed in proportion to his external beauty and internal perfections, I shall briefly endeavour to enumerate in what they chiefly consist.

A horse should have a thin head, but not too long; his ears should be small

small and erect, but not stiff; they should be also narrow, and situated on the upper part of the head, and at a proportionate distance; the front should be narrow, and inclining to a convex form; the eyes should be large, prominent, clear, and brilliant; the pupil rather large, and their effect expressive of fire and benignity; the under jaw rather thick, but not fleshy; the nose inclining to be arched; the nostrils capacious, open, and deep, and separated by a thin partition; the mouth delicate, and the lips thin. The withers should be sharp and high; the shoulders flat; and the back a little inclining to be arched lengthways, elevated on each side of the back-bone, so as to have the appearance of being sunk. The flanks should be short and full; the crupper round and plump; the haunches well furnished with muscular flesh; the dock, or fleshy part of the tail, firm and thick; the thighs large and fleshy; the hock round before, broad on the side, and tendinous behind; the shank thin before, and broad on the sides; the tendon, or *tendo Achillis*, prominent, strong, and well detached from the leg-bone; the fetlock inclining to project, and furnished with a small tuft of long hair behind; the pasterns, or space between the fetlock and hoof, of a moderate length, and tolerably large; the coronet, or space where the hoof joins the leg, rather elevated; the hoof black, solid, and glossy; the instep high; the quarters round; the heels broad, and rather prominent; the frog thin and small; the soal thick and concave. These are literally the perfections specified by M. de Buffon, as requisite to constitute the intrinsic beauty of a horse, which but seldom are concentred in one individual. The age of a horse may be clearly ascertained by the teeth. This useful animal has twenty-four grinders, four canine, and twelve fore teeth. Mares have no canine teeth, or very short ones. The canine and fore teeth are the only ones that indicate the age. Five days after birth the fore teeth begin to shoot. Their teeth (which are round, short, and not very solid) fall out at different times, and are replaced by others. At the age of two years and an half, the four middle fore-teeth fall out, two in the upper, and two in the lower jaw; the next year other four are shed, one on each side of the first, which are then replaced. These four foal teeth are succeeded by other four, which do not grow so thick as the first eight. It is from these four teeth, denominated the corner teeth, that the age of a horse may be known, and may be clearly distinguished, being invariably the third in the upper and under-jaw from the middle to the extremity of the jaw. These teeth are hollow, and have a black mark in their cavities. At the age of four years and a half, or five years, these teeth scarcely rise above their gums, and their cavities are very perceptible. At six years and a half the cavities begin to fill, and the black marks gradually disappear, till the animal attains the age of seven or eight years, when they are wholly effaced. When this criterion of age fails, the tushes, or canine teeth, are regarded as an evidence. These four teeth are situated immediately contiguous to the others before described; neither the tushes or grinders shed. At the age of three years and a half the canine teeth of the under jaw begin to shoot; the two situated in the upper jaw appear at four years of age, and till the completion of six years are very sharp. When the horse is ten years old, the tushes in the upper jaw appear blunt and long; because the gums recede

from them: they also have the semblance of decay; and, in proportion to the evidence of this defect, the age of the animal increases. From the age of ten to fourteen years there are scarcely any decisive proofs of age, as those by white hairs on the eye-brows are equivocal, consequently not to be depended on.—The age of a horse may in part be proved by the bars or ridges in his palate, which decrease in proportion as he advances in years till they wholly are effaced. The horse, from the earliest period of its existence, is shackled, and deprived of its native liberty; as when he is in actual service he is bound by harness and other fetters, and even when he is suffered to repose is not wholly freed from cumbrous checks; and his body suffers actual pain, as his mouth is hurt by the bit, his sides wounded by the spur, and his hoofs tortured with nails: in fine, these noble animals are seldom seen in a native state of liberty, as they are trained to a peculiar mode of action, and are restrained from the exertion of their genuine fleet motion and habitudes. As art, in its various operations, serves rather to conduce to the advantage of man than to benefit the animal subject to its laboured renovations, those horses that are not subjugated, but retain their native wildness in the regions of South-America and other parts, have more strength and innate dignity than those tutored by the more regular mode of education; yet are they neither fierce nor formidable. It must be regarded as a peculiar instance of Divine wisdom in the œconomy of nature, that an animal so superior in strength and spirit should become passively obedient to the human race. The bit and spur have been judiciously adapted to the purpose of rendering these useful beings subservient to their riders' will; as the one, like a rudder, directs their course, and the other stimulates their progress.

The mouth of the horse, like the trunk of an elephant, is endued with an extraordinary degree of sensibility; as it not only possesses the faculties of taste and appetite, but also, by its exquisite perceptions, serves the purpose of an oral and optic organ, by transmitting, by the impression of the bit, the indication of the master's will. The natural movements of a horse consists in the walk, the trot, and the gallop; the amble being rather a defective motion than a natural pace. This species of animals essentially vary in colour, which may be in a great measure ascribed to the influence of climate, and the mixture of foreign races, by which the several varieties have been produced. Horses of all shades and colours cast their hair annually; usually in the spring, but sometimes in the autumn. They have also five different cadences in their mode of neighing; one expression of joy, and the others of desire, anger, fear, and pain: the voice of the female is always weaker than the male. The horse is naturally bold and impetuous, retains a sense of injuries and benefits, and manifests great attachment to his benefactors. They take but little rest, and at short intervals; and many individuals never lie down, but sleep in a standing position.

The females of this species bring forth one foal at a birth: their time of gestation is eleven months and some days. They attain their full growth in four years. The usual term of the existence of these animals is twenty-five or thirty years: those of a delicate construction do not attain that age.

I shall not expatiate on the nature of the subsistence of these useful animals, and their common course

 of

of food, as they are too generally known to require discussion; I shall only remark that their diffusive utility raises them to a conspicuous degree of eminence, and excites universal admiration. By means of this agile member of the brute creation the most laborious avocations are executed, the most distant terraqueous excursions compassed, the fleetest animals subdued in the pursuits of the chase, the most tremendous effort of war rendered effective. Thus are the convenience, safety, and happiness, of mankind, increased by the useful services of the horse, who is ambitious of executing his master's will, and never shrinks from the task imposed on him.

This species of animals are subject to many fatal diseases, which are in a great measure occasioned by abuse, or injudicious care and indulgence. Their skin is used for various purposes; such as collars, harness, &c. Their hair is also converted to several uses, and even their excrement is beneficial. Their flesh is eaten by the Tartars, who drink the mares' milk, and extract a strong spirit from that lacteous fluid.

It will be proper to enumerate the several regions where this useful species abound: I shall, therefore, proceed to remark, that the Arabian horses are the most beautiful of the whole race: they are not only larger and more fleshy than the Barbs, or Barbary kinds, but more rare.

Barbary horses are more common than the preceding kind; they have a long fine neck, well divided from the withers, and not surcharged with hair. The head is small and handsome; the ears beautiful, and proportionately situated; the shoulders light and flat; the withers thin and well raised; the back straight and short; the flank and sides round; the belly not too large; the haunch-bones properly concealed; the crupper rather long; the tail situated high; the thigh well formed, and but seldom flat: the limbs formed with great symmetry, and not hairy; the foot well made, but the pastern generally long. These animals vary in colour; but are usually grey, or inclining to that hue. In their motion they are swift, light, and nervous; but unsteady, and not to be relied on: they, therefore, require to be restrained; and, from their fleetness, are peculiarly adapted to the chace. Their height never exceeds four feet eight inches; yet their offspring are often of a larger size. The natives of Morocco are the most valuable of the Barbary horses: the next in degree are those that inhabit the mountains. The Mauritanian, Turkish, Persian, and Armenian horses are inferior in quality to the genuine Barbs; though all horses, like other animals that are native inhabitants of warm climates, have smoother and finer coats than those resident in more temperate or cold regions. The bones of animals, in general, are also harder in warm than cold countries; whence the limbs of the horse in such countries are stronger. Though the Turkish horses are not so beautiful as the Barbs, by their necks being usually too slender, their legs too thin, and their bodies too long, they are, nevertheless, invaluable as travellers, and have strong powers of respiration.

The Spanish horses are next in degree to those already specified. These animals have a large fleshy head; the ears are long, but situated advantageously; their eyes vivacious; their aspect and deportment bold and majestic; their shoulders thick, and chest broad; the belly often too large; the sides round; the crupper generally large; the limbs delicate, but not hairy; the tendons in the legs prominent; the

pastern

pastern and foot rather long; the heel frequently too high. The best Spanish horses are thick, fleshy, and of a low stature; their movements are rapid and pliant, and their spirit intrepid. Their colour varies; but it is usually black, or of a dark-chesnut hue. Their noses and limbs are but rarely white; as the Spaniards esteem horses of an uniform colour, and therefore do not cultivate a varied breed. A star in the forehead is the only mark they consider as a beauty: though all are stamped in the thigh, to ascertain to what stud they belong. Horses that are natives of Spain are usually of small dimensions; though some measure four feet nine or ten inches in height. Those of the province of Andalusia are esteemed superior to the other Spanish kind, for the purpose of the *manège*, pomp, or hostile operations, as they are more docile than the Barbs, and of a graceful, spirited, and obedient nature. As the best English horses originally sprung from the Arabian and Barbary kinds, they retain a resemblance of their native stock. Notwithstanding their heads are large, they are of a beautiful construction, and their ears well situated, though too long: by the formation of the latter, a genuine English horse may be distinguished from a Barb. Their magnitude is also superior, as they are usually four feet ten inches high, and often five feet. They are found of all colours incident to the species, and are variegated by an infinitude of marks, and by the intercourse of black, and white individuals are often pied. They are endued with a wonderful degree of strength, and consequently are enabled to endure the fatigue of severe labour, or a long course; therefore are fit for draught, and the pursuits of the chase; though they do not liberally abound with grace or tractability, as their joints, especially those of their shoulders, are rigid. The race-horses reared in England are remarkable for the fleetness of their pace, which may be proved by several signal instances, and the common observation of mankind. Horses reared in Italy were, in former times, superior in beauty to what they are at present, because the breed has not been attentively regarded; but, notwithstanding this neglect, the Neapolitan horses are excellently adapted for the draught of carriages: their form is stately; but, in general, their heads are too large, and their necks too thick: their disposition is also restive and untractable.

On account of their magnitude and symmetry, Danish horses are preferred to every other kind for the purpose of drawing carriages.—Many of these animals have thick necks, and shoulders overcharged with flesh: backs too long and low, and cruppers too narrow in proportion to their anterior parts; but they are invariably graceful in their movement, and suited to the purposes of cavalcade and martial avocations. The tiger-spotted horses are the genuine produce of Denmark, though we likewise find there every variety of colour to which the species is subject.

Very fine horses are produced in Germany, which originally came from the Arabian, Barbary, Turkish, Spanish, and Italian races. In general, they are heavy and short-winded, while the Hungarian and Transylvanian horses are light and agile. As the means of strengthening their respiring faculties, the Hungarians slit their horses' nostrils, and also adopt this method to prevent their neighing in times of martial encounter.

The Hungarian, Croatian, and Polish horses, are remarkable for

retaining

retaining the mark in their teeth till they attain a great age. Dutch horses are well adapted to draught, and are commonly used in France for that purpose: those of the best quality are brought from the province of Friesland. The Flemish horses are less esteemed than those reared in Holland: in general, they have large heads and broad feet, and their legs are subject to humours.

In France there are a diversity of horses, though but few handsome; those best adapted for saddle-horses are brought from the Limosin.—These animals have some semblance of the Barbs, and are suited to the chase. The progress of their growth is so slow, they cannot be of service till they are eight years old. There are likewise good ponies in the provinces of Poitou, Auvergne, and Burgundy. Next in degree to the Limosin race, the Normandy horses are esteemed; as, notwithstanding they are not so well suited for the chase, they are better for martial purposes. These animals are naturally plump, and soon attain maturity. There are good coach-horses bred in Lower Normandy and Cotentin, and excellent draught-horses reared in Franche Comté and the Bolognois. The principal and general defect of the French horses consists in their shoulders being of too wide a construction.

The foregoing observations have been principally extracted from M. de Buffon, whose judicious observations deserve implicit attention. After having thus fully specified the several varieties of horses commonly known, he proceeds to enumerate those with which the generality of persons are less acquainted.

In the various islands of the Archipelago there are excellent horses; those of Crete were particularly esteemed by the ancients. These animals unquestionably sprung from the Arabian race, which are the most beautiful of the whole species. The Arabs in their poorest state have horses; and usually ride on mares, because they require less sustenance, and can endure more fatigue. These animals are so harmless, they never offer the least violence, though great numbers of them are, often left together. As the Arabians live in tents, these portable habitations serve as a general dwelling for the wild Arab's family and horses, who live promiscuously. From this kind of intercourse the animals naturally become social; insomuch that the infants repose on them without receiving any injury. The Arabians carefully preserve the genealogy of their horses, treat them with great humanity, and attempt to reason with them: they also suffer them to walk at an usual pace, and never spur them but in cases of great exigency.

From the invariable influence of climate, the nearer we approach the pole, horses degenerate in size, and are weaker in quality. The Iceland horses are so small as to be suited only to the carrying of children. The Norwegian horses are likewise of a diminutive stature, but well proportioned. They are generally of a yellow hue, with a black line on the ridge of the back. Some are of a chesnut colour, and others dark grey. They are sure-footed, consequently suited to travel in those craggy mountainous regions. The native horses of West Nordland are peculiarly constructed: they have large heads and eyes; short necks; large nostrils; narrow withers; long thick bodies; short loins; the upper part of the legs long, the under short and naked; the hoofs small and hard; the tails and manes large and bushy; the feet small, but sure, and never clothed with shoes.—These animals are seldom untractable;

ble; and, by perseverance, reach the summit of the highest mountains.

Extremes of heat or cold are equally noxious to the stature of this animal. Horses reared in Japan and China are usually small; but those of Tonquin are of a good size, nervous, and easily trained to any pursuit. Horses bred in dry climates degenerate, and cannot exist when they are transported into moist countries.

There were no horses in America when that continent was first discovered; but in less than two centuries those transported from Europe multiplied so exceedingly, particularly in Chili, that they became very numerous, notwithstanding the Indians eat them, and killed many by injudicious treatment: on the eastern parts of the new continent they have also increased amazingly.

The horse is found wild in Asia, in the vicinity of the Lake Aral; near Kuzneck, in lat. 54; on the river Tom, in the southern regions of Siberia; in the great Mongalian deserts; and among the Kalkas, to the N.W. of China. By the Mongalians they are called 'takija.'—These animals are less than the subjugated kind; have very thick hair, especially in winter, and are of a mouse colour. Their heads are larger than the tame kind, and their foreheads remarkably arched. The wild horses are gregarious; and, as they travel in herds, frequently encompass the tame horses of the Mongals and Kalkas, and carry them away whilst they are grazing. They are of such a vigilant nature, that they appoint a centinel to watch on an eminence, and to warn them of danger by neighing. When thus alarmed, they flee with incredible agility. They are often martially encountered by the Calmucks, who courageously ride in amongst them, mounted on fine horses, and kill them with broad lances. These savage people eat the flesh of these animals, and use their skins to repose on. These wild horses are often subdued by means of hawks, which are trained to the pursuit, and harrass them by fixing on their heads, and thus enable the huntsman to overtake and conquer them.

In the Island of Ceylon there is a small variety of the horse not exceeding thirty inches in height. These beautiful animals are sometimes sent to Europe as a curiosity.

The horse is also found in a state of nature in the deserts of Africa, where it is reported to be taken by the Arabs and converted to the purposes of food. These wild animals are also found far north of the Cape of Good Hope.

The genuine wild horses of Asia must be distinguished from those found in the deserts on each side of the river Don; especially in the countries bordering on the sea of Asoph, and near the town of Backmut. These animals are evidently the offspring of the Russian horses employed in the siege of Asoph; which, for want of proper forage and domestic subsistence, gradually became wild, and receded from their cultivated habits. The Cossacks chase these animals in the winter season, by pursuing them into valleys filled with snow, into which they consequently plunge, and are easily taken. They are chiefly hunted on account of their skins.

The horses of the itinerant Tartars, that are seized by the herds of the wild kinds, intermix with the savage race. These mongrel animals may be easily distinguished, as their colour is invariably chesnut of various shades. There are no horses found in any latitude within the arctic circle, except a few on the extreme boundaries of Norway.

Having

Having thus fully expatiated on the nature of the horse, and its various congenial climes, I shall close the history of this beneficial race of animals, by remarking, that to them, as well as to every being endued with sensibility, kindness and attention is as necessary to their existence as food; that by caresses and familiarity they may be brought to the performance of every useful labour, but by cruelty and harsh treatment they become restive, disobedient, and formidable.

(To be continued.)

FETE *at* ST. IVES.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE sometimes wished that our journalists, or those who have been entrusted with the public archives, had been more minute in recording provincial occurrences: for, though they do not come within the design of general history, yet do they serve much to elucidate the manners and genius of the age, and as such would be an inexhaustible source of amusement to the curious. It is true indeed we do sometimes meet with things of this sort; but, as transient meteors, they serve only to render our darkness the more palpable. Under this idea I beg leave to offer you the following memorial; the subject of which I became acquainted with during a visit in that neighbourhood.

About a mile and a half from St. Ives, on an elevated site that overlooks the town and bay below, from whence you have a most picturesque view of the rocky shores of Cornwall, as far as the port of Padstow, projecting their craggy fronts in wild irregularity into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, stands a triangular monument of a pyramidical form, about thirty feet high, and twelve feet wide at the bottom. On its sides, about fifteen feet from the base, are the following inscriptions cut in stone:

'Johannes Knill, 1782:'—'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'—'Resurgam.'

It contains an empty coffin, hewn out of a solid rock, and is intended for the mausoleum of the gentleman whose name is inscribed on it; the entrance, which is entirely closed up, can only be discovered by an arch on the one side. The idea of such a thing, built during the person's own life, on such a spot, appeared to me the most extravagant whim I had ever witnessed; and I concluded that nothing but a most unaccountable vanity could have given birth to it. On communicating this idea to my friend, I was thus informed:

'Mr. Knill,' said he, 'was for many years collector of the port of St. Ives; and so great was his attachment to the place, that he even quitted situations, both lucrative and honourable, to return to it. There he was happy; for there he was beloved: his talents procured him respect; while his principles did him honour. To the poor and the distressed he was a father, to every virtuous man a friend. But he had many peculiarities.—The town, and more particularly the church, is built on the sand: and the frequent appearance of human bones that from this and other causes had been scattered over the church-yard, together with the idea, that churches, instead of being rendered, by the interment of human bodies, as nauseous as charnel-houses, should be kept as pure as possible, first suggested to him the idea of building this mausoleum.

leum. Had,' continued he, 'the same sum been laid out in purchasing and inclosing a plat in the neighbourhood of the town, that might have served the inhabitants as well as himself, it would have been a monument more honourable, though less ostentatious than this. However, he left St. Ives some years ago, and now resides in London; but he intends to bequeath a legacy of ten pounds *per annum*, and has already deposited it in trust to the mayor, justice, and clergyman of the town for the time being, for the purpose of commemorating him once every five years, when the accumulated sum of fifty pounds is to be disposed of in the following manner:

"To that poor person who shall have reared the greatest number of children, without any assistance from the parish, ten pounds.—To the best company of rowers, ten pounds.—To the clothing of ten virgins in white, &c. who are to march in procession from the town to the mausoleum, and dance round it, twenty pounds.—And to the trustees, to be spent in a public dinner, ten pounds."

'Next Monday,' he continued, 'will be celebrated, for the first time, what may properly be called "The Knillian games;" when, if you happen to be so disposed, we will assemble with the spectators.'

On Monday last, which was the day appointed, we failed not to be at St. Ives; and, fortunately, we arrived just in time to see the procession. Before went some gentlemen of the town, with the trustees, followed by two fidlers; then came two *old virgins*, followed by eight young ones, of about seven or eight years of age, closely pressed on the rear by a mob, which, on this occasion, was composed of people from far and near, of every age, sex, and condition. Thus arranged, they marched in solemn procession up the hill, to pay their devotions to the manes of a man who is not yet dead. On their arrival at the mausoleum, they did not, as I expected, dance round it, but immediately formed a circle amid the gazing multitude, similar to what I have sometimes seen in our streets, when the folks have been entertained with the sight of bears and puppies dancing to the sound of a bagpipe. Suddenly the two fidlers, striking up a brisk tune on their violins, inspired the virgins with an agility that is equalled only by those who have experienced the bite of the tarantula. This continued about a quarter of an hour, when they concluded by singing the hundredth psalm, and proceeded down the hill in the same order as when they came up, to enjoy themselves at the table. We followed them to St. Ives; and expected, after this, to have seen the prize contested for by the rowers, and the reward of industry given to the deserving candidate; but were informed that the intended legacy had not been deposited in trust above a year or two, and that, being desirous of beginning with the nineteenth century, they were obliged to confine themselves to the dinner and the procession.

Thus, sir, have I attempted to give you a sketch of this singular institution; which, I believe, is not to be equalled by any in the kingdom. Should it come within the design of your miscellany, by giving it a place you will oblige, &c. H**N**S.

Penzance, August 1.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(*Continued from page* 470.)

IN the mean time, the count of Toulouse, strongly actuated by the desire of proving to the two friends how much he was satisfied with their

their services, and wishing to bestow on Robert an indemnification equal to his noble sacrifice, conceived that he could not do either with more effect than by proving to the whole world that the honours he conferred on the two warriors were solely the reward of their great actions. To render this act more public and conspicuous, he resolved to assemble all the knights within his states. He was confident that these judges of honour and merit, after having heard the recital of the achievements of Robert and Roger, would applaud his intention to reward their merit by raising them to the rank of knights, without compelling them to declare the secret of their birth.

The count of Toulouse soon informed the two friends of his design. After having heard him, Roger, unable longer to resist the emotions of joy which he felt, threw himself at the feet of the count to express his gratitude. His friend appeared to him so deserving of the honour promised him, and the count of Toulouse so generous, so great, that he no longer hesitated to declare to him the secret of their birth, and that of his heart. He related to him the circumstances of the two actions in which the courage of the father of Robert had saved the life of his own father; gave an account of the manner in which he lost his life; and how the count de L**** had endeavoured to discharge his debt of gratitude to the children of this brave warrior. He confessed with more embarrassment, but with all the ardour of love, his passion for Elvige; and explained the motives which had induced him to quit the castle of his ancestors, and repair to the court of the count.

This recital extremely increased the esteem which the count of Toulouse had conceived for the two friends, and the interest he took in their success and happiness. He was convinced that he should still more ennoble his own character, by seizing such an opportunity to reward courage. His heart was animated by the most lively desire of promoting their happiness, yet was he still attentive to the counsels of prudence, and the means of most effectually ensuring complete success to their wishes.

'Let the secret of your birth,' said he to them, 'remain still unknown. I will invite the knights of my territory to assemble at my court, under pretence of consulting them on an affair of importance: I will insist on the relationship by which I am allied to the father of Roger, the more certainly to induce him to repair hither on the invitation. I can rely with confidence on the elevation of his sentiments and the integrity of his heart, which will not suffer me to doubt that, when he shall hear the recital of your great actions, he will unite his suffrage with mine, and declare that you merit the most noble of rewards. All the assembled knights, induced by our example, will then concur in judging you worthy to share their honours and their rank. When this decision shall have been pronounced, Roger may come forward, and fall at the feet of his father, who, I am certain, finding his son thus crowned with glory, will feel a transport of happiness while he clasps him in his arms; nor will he have a right to reject Robert, now become his equal by valour and by virtues.'

The two friends admired the project of the count of Toulouse: they could not however entirely banish their fears. But Raymond, not participating in their doubts, prepared to invite the knights, when an envoy arrived at his court, dispatched by the count de L****, to implore

plore his aid, and describe the wretched situation to which he was reduced.

Since the departure of Robert, the silence which the count had observed with respect to the flight of his son had at first surprised all the great lords in the vicinity of his territory. After having vainly endeavoured to penetrate his secret, they learned that the castle was filled with sadness and mourning. A report of the death of Roger was then generally circulated, and the tears which the countess never ceased to shed seemed to confirm it. The families allied to that of the count, finding all their inquiries fruitless, began to think of securing to themselves the rich inheritances that would have devolved to Roger.

The head of the most powerful of these families, wishing to preclude all other pretenders, and consulting only his greedy ambition, had the barbarous indiscretion to send to the count de L****, requiring him to acknowledge him as heir to his domains. An answer expressive of indignation and contempt was returned to this demand. Actuated by avarice, and the thirst of revenge, this greedy relative assembled troops, with a view to extort by force what he could not obtain by persuasion.

The count, not having been able to foresee this unjust attack, had not taken any precaution to guard against it. The strength of his castle defended him against a surprise; but not having collected a sufficient number of troops to retain possession of the open country, and not having had time to lay up a store of provisions, he found that he must soon surrender at discretion to his cruel enemy, if he could not obtain speedy succour. In this pressing distress, knowing only the count of Toulouse who was sufficiently generous, and at the same time sufficiently powerful, to effect his deliverance, he availed himself of a secret subterranean passage, unknown to the enemy, to send off an emissary to solicit the protection of his sovereign, and the answer he should receive must decide his fate.

As soon as Raymond had learned the particulars of the situation of the count de L****, he did not hesitate a moment in what manner he should act. But, continually attentive to the interest of the two friends, and not willing that they should be recognised by the envoy, he caused him to set out again immediately, with orders to assure his master that he would send him speedy aid, and avenge him of his enemy. The messenger was sufficiently cautious and alert to elude the assailants of the castle; and on his return re-animated the hope of the count, by the promises he brought him on the part of Raymond.

The count of Toulouse wished to communicate himself to the two friends the intelligence he had just received. Their uneasiness equalled their rage; they immediately started up to run to their arms, and fly to the succour of those they held most dear.

'Moderate this ardour,' said Raymond to them; 'I have already given my orders: my troops are collecting: you shall march at their head: to you alone I confide the care of defending so just a cause. But remember, Roger, and return me your thanks, Robert shall have the command in chief, and you shall serve under him: to him I shall give my orders to march and save your father.'

The noble heart of Roger felt the sublime goodness of this order; tears of gratitude gushed into his eyes, and his friend and himself, alike agitated with extreme impatience, hastened the

the preparations for their departure.

For this, every thing was soon ready; the soldiers, animated by the ardour of their leaders, would only take, during their marches, such rest as was indispensable, and in a few days they arrived within sight of the enemy who invested the castle.—Robert then restrained his rage, to listen to his prudence. Like an able commander, he examined the position of the army he was to engage, and neglected nothing that could secure to him the victory.

Roger, at sight of the place which had given him birth, and which contained all that he held most dear, wept, sighed, and experienced every tender sentiment at once. But soon these gave way to an eager wish to meet the enemy, and save and avenge those he loved.

While Robert was making preparations for his attack on the besieging troops, the count de L**** observed, from the lofty towers of his castle, the motions and dispositions of those who were advancing to his succour. He immediately resolved to make a vigorous diversion, as soon as he should see the battle commenced, and the same subterranean passage which had afforded him the means of sending an envoy to the count of Toulouse enabled him to communicate his intention to the general who commanded the troops of that prince.

Robert, after having divided his troops into two divisions, put himself at the head of the first, and gave to Roger the command of the second. Both passed through the ranks, communicating to their soldiers the ardour by which they were themselves animated. The signal for battle was given, and the troops, accustomed to conquer under such leaders, easily surmounted the first obstacles that opposed them. The combat was, however, renewed at every post, and the victory for some time continued doubtful.

While the two friends, terrible and sudden as the thunderbolt, overthrow every thing which obstructs their passage, and fly to every part where their presence is necessary, the count falls, with his usual impetuosity, on the troops of the enemy nearest the castle, and throws them into the greatest disorder; but too eager to pursue his victory, his imprudent courage hurries him away too far. The troops he had repulsed, recovering from their first surprise, perceive the small number of those by whom they are attacked: the centre appears to fly, but it only retires to form a thick circle, in the midst of which the count finds himself surrounded on every side.

Certain, then, that his defeat must be inevitable, he wishes only to sell dearly his life. Acquiring new strength from despair, he fells to the ground all within his reach, while the solidity of his armour defends him for some time against the attacks of his enemy. But fresh assailants continually succeeding, he becomes enfeebled with fatigue: his horse falls pierced with wounds, and he falls with him. He is on the point of being sacrificed by his enemies, when Robert, whom nothing could resist, while pursuing the fugitives, perceives the formidable troop in the midst of which this unequal contest is waged. At the sight he utters a terrible shout, and flies to the spot, almost alone, determined to die or save the count. The violence and rapidity of his blows soon open him a passage. Already he covers the count with his shield, and his sword deals death to all who dare to approach him; when, to his surprise, he quickly finds that he has no longer enemies

to

to contend with, but that he is surrounded on every side by his own soldiers, who, ardent to follow his plume, which had ever been to them the signal of victory, had hastened after him, followed his example, put to death all who offered to resist them, and forced the rest to fly, till the count and Robert had no longer around them any but their brave defenders.

The first wish of Robert was to throw himself at the feet of the count; but, ever timid, not conceiving he had yet done enough, and recollecting the prudent and generous advice of Raymond, he let down the visor of his helmet and retired. The count made an effort to run to his deliverer to testify his gratitude and admiration; but Robert found means to avoid him, and gave orders to his troops to march in pursuit of the enemy. He was on the point of departure when he perceived on the ground the shield of the count, broken into a number of pieces by the blows received on it. He hastily alighted from his horse, and took up one of the pieces, which he showed the count, and the same instant set off with the utmost speed, leaving the count equally astonished at this action, at his silence, and at his departure.

In this part of the field of battle the enemy was dispersed on every side: and Robert had only to pursue them. Roger had in like manner forced all to fly who made opposition on his side. The two friends now sought each other: they met, and as soon as Robert perceived Roger he hastened to throw himself into his embrace; he dispelled all his fears for the life of his father, and showed him the trophy he had acquired. Both were equally convinced of the necessity of not interrupting the plans of the count of Toulouse, by making themselves known; and they resolved, though with a sigh, to withdraw from the place which was most dear to them.

Robert, having assured himself that it was not in the power of the enemy to attempt any new enterprises, left a part of his troops, with orders to act according to the directions of the count; to whom he caused to be expressed his regret that he was not able to wait on him personally to pay his respects, as he had been recalled by his sovereign on affairs of urgency. The count could not avoid remarking how carefully his deliverer appeared to avoid him; but it was in vain that he attempted to make any inquiries; the precaution which the two friends had taken by changing their names on their arrival at the court of Toulouse entirely prevented their being known. It was still more in vain that he earnestly requested to see them before their departure: he learned that they were already gone.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I READ, with considerable regret, in your last, the complaint of a female, a woman of fashion too, and a giver of routs, intimating how frequently she had been disappointed in establishing her fame, and distinguishing her entertainments by something peculiarly eccentric, wild, or unseasonable. It is much to be lamented that our ladies of *ton* should fail in objects apparently of such easy acquisition, and that where absurdity is natural it should not at the same time be various. That there is a dullness in mediocrity, a sameness in reasonable desires, and a commonness in indulging the mere

mere wants of society, may be believed; but that invention should be exhausted when it is confined by no laws, and that follies should be uniform when common sense is excluded, may be allowed to excite our surprise, and, under the existing circumstances of this case, our pity.

Men, Mr. Editor, are unreasonable beings, proud of a superiority which they are desirous to perpetuate at the expence of the fair sex. Not long ago our females sought fame in the walks of literature, and some obtained what they sought. A clamour was instantly raised against them, as invading the *rights of man.* History, philosophy, politics, poetry, and the drama, were menaced by authors in straw bonnets and muslin gowns. The legislature itself was not without its alarms. Such a revolution in genius might end in petticoat government. The bishops took fire: they foresaw piety in pattens. The lawyers trembled lest they should be out-talked, and the seat of justice occupied by *old women!* But in time the alarm subsided, and the ladies of fashion at least meditated to raise their reputation by other means.

To effect this required a combination of talents which do not generally meet; and, although we have not often seen the good arising from alliances of discordant materials, we have lived to behold the common cause of routs, of breakfasts, and of suppers, ably supported by the carpenter, the lamplighter, and the gardener. The question is no longer about the superiority of genius, but the spacious dimensions of a suite of rooms; and no lady values herself for any productions but those of the hot-house. On such her fame depends and her reputation rests. And is that ambition unreasonable which is bounded by the priority of peaches and the precocity of pines; which derives its lustre from a festoon of lamps, and its triumphs from the rattling of coaches, the sound of a knocker, and the disturbance of a neighbourhood? Who would envy the excellence that centres in a plate of peas or a pottle of cherries? Surely *we* men have no right to interrupt a career of glory which centres in a fashionable confusion of the seasons, exciting perspiration in winter, and giving a party of friends the appearance of a mob, with all its inconveniences and dangers. To heighten the scene, besides artificial flowers and the pleasant union of *Floreal* and *Frimaire,* even peace officers are hired to keep order, and give an idea of artificial pickpockets mixing in the crowd. I have been, indeed, somewhat afraid, lest when the virtues of the mind, and the accomplishments of education, are all sacrificed to the *vegetable system,* there may be danger of introducing an emulation of the more vulgar cast, and more befitting the ambition of Covent-garden market. I will allow the *éclat* that naturally arises from early peaches and melons; but there may be danger in contending for a priority of cabbages and carrots, because, early or late, these are things that give a *bourgeoise* appearance to a table, and have been known to decorate a city feast, even at a very unseasonable time.

More, I think, depends on the temperature of the rooms; and here people of fashion naturally place their chief excellence. A lady who can get up the thermometer to 80°, when the rest of the world is content with 50°, is entitled to a great share of respect, which however will be heightened by the addition of frequent swoonings and fainting fits. It is impossible, indeed, to doubt

doubt the reputation of any rout which gives us *Thermidor* in *Nivose*, and introduces *Fructidor* when other people are content with the tardy prospects of *Germinal*. Besides, therefore, the productions of the hot-house, it will always be necessary to introduce the degree of heat which forced them; and the more uncomfortable this is, it will make the better figure in a newspaper detail, where, after all, the final decision must be made, and the size of the cherries, and the number of the company, ascertain the comparative merit of the *giver*. To me it appears that the historians of routs have lately fallen into an uniformity of style, which will soon level all distinction. It marks nothing to hear of the same company, the same vegetables, and the same lamps. There must be a difference; and whoever has studied either botany or lamp-lighting, must be aware that these are important distinctions. If all festoons were equally variegated—all chandeliers equally brilliant—if fruits were always uncommonly large, and geraniums equally odoriferous, one might as well let in the sun-beams, and wait for the natural growth of our delicacies. Besides, I suspect that there has of late been a contrivance to make all *porters' lists* of the same size—the same *lords*—the same *ladies*—the same *sirs*—the same *misters*—the same *mistresses*—and the same *misses* — names to be sure which we have seldom heard of before, but which, if obscure, can be more easily varied, especially as the court-calendar is at hand.

The confusion of *hours* is still a resource which ladies may employ to distinguish their entertainments, and this has been very happily done by joining two days in one, breakfasting at the close of the first day, and supping at the commencement of the next. Dinner, somehow, has been entirely excluded, which may no doubt give a *tonish* appearance to things; but there is some risque that it may be thought to be borrowed from the practice of the vulgar, many thousands of whom have been habituated to go without dinner; although I do not find that they pride themselves upon it.

If these hints, Mr. Editor, can be serviceable, either as apologetic or promotive of female notoriety, I may probably take the liberty to send you a supplement, in which I shall endeavour to prove that it is possible to reverse the order of nature and revolutionize the manners of society in a more genteel and dashing manner than has ever yet been practised. But this discovery would be thrown away at present, as our people of fashion are in the country, and obliged to breathe the same air with the rest of the world.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

On the Circassian Women.

HISTORY, travellers, and romances, have said nothing of the beauty of the Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been long considered as an imaginary being, a thing of convention; and to justify this extravagant idea it has been alleged, that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not so to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England; and, in like manner, that a French or English beauty would have no attractions in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of the Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning, since they are acknowledged to be beautiful by all nations. They are every where sought after, and

and are the ornament of all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that pleasing union of features, that just proportion of all the parts of the body, that splendor, those brilliant tints, that whole which cannot be defined, but which exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men render it homage.

It is only in this point of view that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and the Black Seas) deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived that a nation which considers woman as a merchandise can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage as a sacred and indissoluble union. We find, accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death.

This first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased like the rest in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale, habited in the manner which is judged most likely to excite the desires of the buyer. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman who is purchased was brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, it is only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from a stock of pure and acknowledged beauty. The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres.

Women being the principal article of commerce in Circassia, every thing in their education and habitual life has for its object to preserve their beauty, and facilitate its developement.

All domestic occupations, are abandoned to the slaves, and women are solely employed with the arts of the toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a particular study to modulate their voice in soft and melodious tones, and to display grace and elegance in every motion. Their habitations are intermingled with gardens, and form small villages very near to each other, and consisting of about twenty houses each. In the middle of each of these villages is a strongly fortified tower, in which, in case of invasion, they shut the women and the riches of the country. These towers, as well as all the houses, are built of wood, decorated with great art, and furnished with taste.

The dress of the Circassian men is a mixture of the Greek and Turkish habits. It consists of a pair of wide pantaloons, buskins, a close boddice fastened with a girdle, a kind of domino with open sleeves, and a cap or turban not very high, broad at top and narrow at bottom. They shave their beards, leaving very long moustachios.

The dress of the Circassian women is more simple and pleasing. It consists of pantaloons, a boddice, and a long robe in the Armenian taste, or a large furred pelisse. From the cap or bonnet, of the shape of a sugar-loaf, hangs a veil. This bonnet is richly ornamented with pearls.

The dress is never sold with the woman, unless agreed for separately. The Circassian women, however, like the European, wear, under all, a linen garment which they change every day, and this garment the seller is obliged to give with the woman to the purchaser. In this state he delivers his merchandise.

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from page 428.)

'WHEN again on board, we fondly flattered ourselves we should shortly obtain ample recompence for all our misfortunes, in the endearing caresses of our friends: but how contrary do our most sanguine expectations often prove, particularly when we imagine ourselves the most secure from danger; for, ere we had gained sight of our native shore, a terrible storm suddenly arose, the violence of the wind soon destroyed our rigging and nearly shattered the vessel in pieces. Two days and nights were we tossed about the raging main, expecting every minute we should go to the bottom, but were miraculously preserved amid all the war of elements. The third morning we perceived land; and, before we could take any precaution, our deplorable bark struck on the rocks of Skelig, on the coast of Ireland. Fortunately, it was near a part which projected out near enough, by the assistance of a plank, for the crew to make their escape on; which they nearly all did. I and my companion, whom I gained in the wilds of America, were among the survivors.

'The storm abating, we were discovered by a ship bound for Castlemain, the captain of which very humanely took us on board, where we received every mark of attention and kindness he was capable of showing. Thus were we again thrown on the compassion of our brethren, from whom we obtained a very liberal provision, sufficient to support us till we reached England. As I intended taking Dublin in my way, having a distant relation who resided there, we struck into the internal part of Ireland, after leaving Kerry, which abounds with beautiful romantic prospects, particularly near the Lake of Killarney. Had my spirits been relieved of that burthensome pressure they had long sustained, a place so replete with the sublimity of nature's works would have given me inexpressible delight. Picture to yourselves an expanse of water, interspersed with numerous islands, the shores of which are indented with bay, holly, and numerous kinds of trees, thickly blended together; the whole surrounded on every side by lofty mountains covered to the very top with trees and shrubs; while, to crown all, a vast sheet of water rolls rapidly down the steep side of one of the mountains, and falls into the lake below with a noise that strikes the astonished traveller with an indescribable awe.

'I am giving you an account of that delightful place, as if I then travelled to make my observations, and take an accurate survey of every object worthy notice; but need I tell you, my Emily, it was the severe command of necessity, rigidly enforced, which detained me a moment on the road that led me to all I held dear in the world. Every hour appeared to me an age. Oh! how my heart expanded with delight at the close of every day, when I reflected how much nearer I drew to the spot where all my fondest hopes were centered. So deeply was I absorbed in thought, that I should have passed the lake without casting one glance on its beauties, had not my friend, by his persuasive reasoning, brought me to a sense of my weak ridiculous conduct, and aroused me as it were from a lethargy into which I was fallen, to view the scene before me; when, struck with admiration, I could only express my thanks for his kindness, and join with him in rapturous expressions of astonishment,

ment. Fortunately for him, he possessed that fortitude, that firmness of mind, not to be ruffled and disturbed by little events which are not suited to our wishes and expectations. Fully persuaded that perfect happiness is not attainable in this world, he wisely remained contented with the few comforts he possessed; conscious, if he merited more indulgences, they would in due time be granted to him by that benevolent Being who with-holds no good from us which may tend to our final advantage.

'It is necessary to inform you that the name of my new-acquired acquaintance was Mr. Saef. He was a surgeon in a regiment of dragoons, which suffered considerably the day he was taken prisoner, which was the one preceding that on which I fortunately became acquainted with him, when I so much required the consolation of a companion to enable me to support my sad situation. Thus commenced a friendship which has been more strongly cemented by an entire knowledge of his disposition, which has given me much satisfaction, finding he possesses a refined and exalted understanding, together with a bosom endowed with sensibility capable of a long, a permanent attachment, which I know my Emily will gladly encourage, when, at a future moment, she is introduced to my friend and his adored Matilda; of whom, from his description of her mental qualifications, I think very highly. I know his account of her personal attractions was not an exaggeration; therefore I may rely on his veracity, and imagine her all that is aimable in woman, and rejoice in such an acquisition to the list of my friends.

'When I reached Dublin, no relation was to be found; death had long since dissolved that chain of consanguinity. We then took our passage on board a vessel bound to Holyhead. Once more elated with the hope of beholding my native land, with what ecstasy did I see the gently-swelling shores of Anglesea break upon my view!

"Ah!" I exclaimed, in the fervour of my heart, "if fortune has been propitious to my wishes, and preserved my adored Emily and invaluable sister to bless my longing eyes, I shall think a much larger portion of happiness is allotted me than almost ever falls to one individual."

'My friend, who overheard me, participated in my sensations. He, too, had left his lovely Matilda behind; who had given up friends and fortune in her attachment to him, and whom he had left under the protection of his parents till his return, as they were on the point of marriage when orders came for his embarkation. Not wishing to expose her to the hardships and dangers he must encounter, he reluctantly left her, to console his parents and anticipate his return, conscious his duty must be attended to, however great might be the sacrifice.

'That I might witness his happiness, if Heaven had preserved those so dear to his heart, he begged of me to accompany him to his parents' residence; which I did, as it was in my way to Orville Castle. We travelled many miles from Bangor. At length we struck out of the high road, and crossed a dreary heath, which was terminated by a thick wood almost impassable for carriages, for road it could not be called. The branches of the trees and underwood were merely cleared away to admit of a passage for the wood-cutters and those who purchased the timber. We soon came to an opening where a deep woody glen, through which the river Wye mæandered

mæandered romantically along, met our eyes. We alighted from the chaise; and, after walking a short distance, a turn of a corner of a thicket presented to our view the enviable cottage of my friend's parents, deeply embowered in trees of various descriptions, extending from the house to the very summit of a steep hill, which was crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle, whose massive towers were now crumbling to the ground.

"Stay a few minutes!" says my friend—putting his hand, with emotion painted in his looks, on my shoulder—"Let me assume composure ere I again enter the boundaries of a spot so dear to my remembrance; where I hope to meet again my invaluable friends, so long estranged from my bosom. This, truly, may be termed a tranquil retired habitation, remote and far removed from a busy tumultuous world, in which man betrays the friend who has generously contributed to his aid in the day of calamity, where even brother deceives brother for mercenary sordid advantages, and where the endearing ties of consanguinity prove no support in adversity. My parents were long buffeted by the storms of life, and experienced many distressing vicissitudes: at last, disgusted with public affairs, deprived by illegal means of affluence, yet possessing a sufficiency to support them in some sequestered spot, happy in the affections of each other, which was their only resource in all their troubles, they fixed upon this residence; where, wrapped close in conscious peace, they but hear the human tempest roar at a distance. The fall of kings, the rage of nations, and the crush of states, reach them not. Their solicitude on my account, who am still left to struggle in those scenes they are weary of, is the only source of anxiety they now have. Hither, as I have before said, they repaired to taste the sweets of rural retirement. Heaven, I hope, has yet preserved them to be a blessing to their son.—Happy omens! I see the woodbine planted by my Matilda has not been neglected; no noisome weed dare rear its head around: see how it clings to the oak for support! emblem of her weak, unprotected state, flying to me for shelter. Generous unsuspecting girl, I will not abuse thy confidence! Every scene around is familiar to my eyes. Yonder is the verdant hill we ascended, which was gilded by the departing rays of the setting sun when I took my long farewell of her I so tenderly loved. On that spot I lingered till I saw her lovely form vanish from my view; then, summoning all the resolution I was master of, I tore myself away from those beloved shades, mounted my impatient steed, and fled with all the speed possible, soon to witness far different scenes than those of love and tranquillity, as the regiment I belonged to was under orders for embarkation to America. Here comes my poor old dog, the faithful companion of many a pleasant ramble."

'At this moment the door opened, and a pleasant-looking elderly man came out; who, he told me, with transport, was his father. His mother followed, accompanied by a very interesting female, who exactly answered the description he had given me of his Matilda. The excess of joy in all parties can be better conceived than described; suffice it to say, I left him to pursue the flowery path of happiness before him, and recount past misfortunes; while I, solitary and sad, took my leave, with almost every ray of hope extinct in my bosom. I soon reached the castle. You, my beloved girls, are

 already

already acquainted with the reception I met with, and the result of that reception: and now I can inform my friend in Wales that Heaven has showered blessings on my head equal to those he possesses: assured of the unaltered love of his Emily, and the brightest scenes of earthly happiness consequently opening to his view.'

Mr. Norton very reluctantly took his leave to pay Mrs. Gregory a visit, and gain farther particulars of his father's death; as likewise to attend the war-office, to make known the various disasters which had so long detained him from his duty, inquire where his regiment was stationed, and where his friend the colonel was, &c. He learned to his infinite regret, that his regiment was yet in America, but that it was in daily expectation of embarking for England.

Susan and Emily were again left; but in far different circumstances than before. Now they were assured he was safe, yet tender and affectionate as ever, what had they to make them uneasy? They followed their respective amusements with their wonted cheerfulness and alacrity; time no longer hung heavy on their hands as it did before, when every day they wished, yet half despaired of ever seeing him more. Now was he again restored, all their hearts could wish, writing often to them. His letters to Emily contained merely a renewal of his protestations of eternal love, &c. but to Susan they were a source of much anxiety; the cruel conduct of her sister Jesse distressed her to the highest degree, to think that she could desert her father even in his last moments, urging, as an extenuation of her baseness, that, as he was in a state of insanity, it was immaterial who visited him, since he knew no one. Mrs. Gregory was very ill, and his death had aroused her to a sense of her cruelty to him, and in no small degree contributed towards her present illness: to Norton she was more partial than ever, and to such an excess did she carry her affection for him, that she was ever uneasy when he was from her sight, and expressed a wish that he would sell out of the army, and reside entirely with her. He could not therefore leave her till she was better, without forfeiting all claim to her esteem and her bounty, of which he of course now stood very much in need. She gave him a draft on her banker for a hundred pounds, and liberally promised him the same loan whenever he requested it; adding, that she knew his prudence would not hurry him into any unnecessary expence, neither did she think he would form any matrimonial connexion without her entire approbation; as to him she looked for the supporter of the ancient grandeur of her noble house.

Susan was almost distracted at the bare idea of her father's leaving the world quite neglected by all his family; she relapsed into her former state of melancholy, from which the kindest attention of Mr. Veronne and his daughter were ineffectual to arouse her, conscious how undutifully she had acted in not desiring some person about him to inform her of the various fluctuations in his health, if she could not personally have attended him. Mr. Veronne took her out in public, thinking to divert her attention from dwelling on such a mournful subject, but all was of no avail, grief became habitual, and she could by no means overcome it. At last he called her to him one morning, assuming a very serious aspect:—'Susan,' says he, 'I shall insist on your being more cheerful, or I shall think you are dissatisfied with me; consider

sider the presumptuous folly of thus mourning for the dead; your own good sense must tell you the state of your father must be your's: ere a few suns at most have rolled their cares away, you must be numbered with those who have preceded you: you cherish mistaken notions of your affections. Could you wish your parent to survive all his hopes of happiness in this world. Dry up your tears: "friends are ravished from us to bind, by soft affection's ties, on human hearts the thoughts of death." In our serious moments we must naturally resort to those regions for comfort, where our dearest friends are wrapped in endless sleep; which shows us in an impressive manner our own precarious situation.'

Susan, convinced of the truth of what he had observed, resolved to conquer her feelings, and again resume her cheerfulness, in some measure to repay her kind benefactor for his tender assiduities. Her brother, by his consolatory epistles, strengthened her determination, and added greatly to the tranquillity which again re-visited her bosom, by saying he intended shortly to pay them a visit, as he had gained permission to join his regiment, which was returning home. 'Then,' added he, 'I shall take an opportunity of introducing a dear invaluable friend.'

This circumstance gave them much pleasure. Mr. Veronne participated in the happiness of his girls, as he was never comfortable but when the smile of cheerfulness illumined their countenances. Time passed quickly on, and they were in daily expectation of the arrival of Norton.

During their suspense a circumstance happened which gave them all much satisfaction. Mr. Veronne, accidentally dining with a party of acquaintances, was much struck on the appearance of an elegant youth in regimentals, introduced by the name of Griffiths. Both his name and features brought forcibly to his mind the worthy captain with whom he went to India, whose family he had in vain endeavoured to discover. He drew him unobserved from the company, and soon learned he was no other than Mr. Edwin Griffiths, son of that truly valuable man. He informed him his mother was comfortably, and even affluently, provided for by a distant relation, who had ever treated them with disdain, till the death of his father had revived his long dormant affection; he immediately settled an annuity on his mother, made ample provision for his sisters, one of whom had forfeited all claim on his bounty, by imprudently leaving her mother, and flying to the parents of a gentleman then in America, to whom she had been long attached: 'But,' added he, 'I heard the other day poor Matilda will yet be happy, as she is on the point of marriage with the object of her affections, who is just returned, and is about giving her his hand as a reward for her constancy. As to myself, my kind relative has procured me a cornetcy in the dragoons.'

Mr. Veronne was delighted thus to meet with a person he so much wished to see, and gave him a general invitation to his house, which was declined with the greatest politeness, as he was now on his march to embark on some expedition. He expressed himself sorry that he could not avail himself of such an opportunity of enjoying the society of the friend of his father, and took his leave; but not till a promise was extorted that he would call whenever he came to England again.

Mr. Veronne returned home with his spirits unusually elated, thus to meet the son of one he so much esteemed,

esteemed, with the paths of honour laid open before him for the display of the brilliant talents and natural greatness of soul which he inherited from his father, together with his features and figure, which promised to be the very height of perfection, when age had matured the stripling into manhood. 'Go, brave youth!' said Mr. Veronne at parting, while he tenderly pressed his hand, 'Go! Heaven protect you in all dangers, and grant you to be a blessing to your amiable mother! Go, pursue, with an enterprising undaunted resolution, the most honourable of all professions, the service of your king and country, and perpetuate to posterity a name already signalised in the annals of fame.'

Susan and Emily partook of the happiness of Mr. Veronne.—Emily, from several circumstances which Norton had mentioned respecting his friend in Wales, knew him to be the intended husband of Mr. Griffiths's sister. This her father was convinced of, when she related the particulars.

Some days passed, but no Norton came, and they began to think something serious had happened, but dared not write for fear their letters might be intercepted by Mrs. Gregory. A review being about to take place, Mr. Veronne prevailed on them to accompany him thither, thinking he should meet with him there. The morning at length arrived, they repaired to Hyde Park, the troops were already assembled, they performed their evolutions in a manner that did great credit to both officers and privates; but who can conceive the feelings of Emily and Susan, when they recognised in one of the colonels the features of Orville, too much taken up to observe them: he passed, Norton joined him, and with several others they left the ground. Emily could not conceal her emotion; in a half-whisper to Susan she said, 'My former suggestions are but too true; he can no longer retain that affection for me he has so lately expressed; he could never have been so near my residence without devoting a few hours to us. His looks, too, denote a bosom perfectly tranquil.'

Mr. Veronne, to avoid noticing him, and their conclusion on the occasion, was purposely talking to some one out of the window, not willing to condemn him till he was convinced he had a proper foundation for his suspicion. Susan endeavoured to allege in his defence the recent meeting with his friend, and other probable circumstances. 'Indeed Emily,' added she, 'you entertain too mean an opinion of my brother; he does not deserve it: permit me to say, I, who can penetrate the inmost recesses of his soul, saw that, notwithstanding the bustle he was in, and the pleasure he experienced in meeting with colonel Orville, a certain something depressed his spirits; all was not so serene within as you may imagine.'

Mr. Veronne perceiving he must join their conversation, and wishing to remove her doubts, said, 'Emily, you should consider a sense of our duty must ever triumph over every other consideration. If Mr. Norton had neglected the call of his king and country in bringing his men well disciplined for public inspection, and had come and loitered away the hours which have been thus laudably employed in your society, what a mean opinion would serious reflexion have given you of a man who could thus supinely waste his time. No, I assure you it is bravery, activity, and an enterprizing spirit, which gives the highest finish to the character of a soldier, and must exalt him in the eyes of my Emily, whose discernment must

must show her how insignificant a being he must otherwise be. A short time will develope the mystery: I doubt not Norton yet.

They had by this time reached home, expecting every minute would bring the captain; but evening came without him. They were on the rack of suspense:—morning brought no alleviation of their doubts. Mr. Veronne rallied them; Emily knew not how to support it; a thousand suspicions arose in her breast; yet was she unwilling to reproach him with duplicity. Susan, having more confidence in him, and perhaps less impatience, endeavoured to convince Emily how many circumstances (she was at her wit's end to devise) might have occasioned a delay. They were thus alternately reviving hope, and cherishing doubts, when the sound of horses' feet met their ears. Two persons in regimentals, galloping along the road, approached the house; their countenances assumed a degree of animation unknown before, when they saw they were captain Norton and his friend colonel Orville 'coming no doubt,' said Susan gaily, 'invested with full powers to disperse the cloud of unjust accusation and distrust.'

(To be continued.)

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 464.)

TREMBLING, speechless, and in a paroxysm of dismay, they clung irresistably, yet unconsciously, to each other, and hurried instinctively towards the steps by which they had descended into these gloomy vaults; but the very eagerness with which they sought to escape conspired with the darkness of the place, and the intolerable apprehensions that haunted them, to defeat its own purpose: for, though they were only a few paces distant, the affrighted party, instead of ascending the steps, turned into a winding passage close to them; but they were insensible to that circumstance —insensible to every thing, save to the horror that shook their limbs, and the apprehension of being unable to avoid again seeing that dreadful appearance, and hearing those appalling sounds which had given rise to their terror.

Thus powerfully—thus irresistibly impelled, they rushed along the passage; and, notwithstanding their progress was considerably impeded by its winding direction, the extreme darkness, and the confusion of their flight, still would have proceeded, had they not suddenly found that the sides of the cavern opposed their advances as well to the right and left as straight forward. A pause of wild affright succeeded this discovery; and, while they stood in mute horror and dreadful expectation, a ray of light, all at once, streamed through a narrow aperture, at a little distance from them; a something like a shadow, of large and uncouth shape, presented itself, and, in an instant, both light and shadow vanished from their view. A groan, awful, deep, and distant, then struck upon their ears, and again darkness and silence inveloped them; broken, however, once or twice by a noise which, reverberating in those caverns, sounded in their ears like the hollow murmurs of distant thunder. Tancred and Innocent, overwhelmed with terror, dropt instinctively upon their knees. The prior leaned for support against the side of the vault; and, for some minutes, they continued fixed to the place in horror unspeakable.

But Apostolico's promptitude of mind

mind and intrepidity of character quickly returned; his terror yielded to the suggestions of reason; and, conjecturing that the steps which led to the chamber above could not be far off, he determined to seek them. He called to his companions — he sought to animate them with a resolution like his own; but it was some time ere he could make them sensible that he spoke at all.

'Apostolico!' exclaimed Tancred, in a terrified voice, recovering from the trance into which his terror had thrown him, 'Apostolico!—where art thou!—come to me!—let me feel thee.'

'Follow me,' answered the prior, 'Let us quit this place—Rouse your courage; and, as we must have passed the steps, let us return, encounter what we may, to seek them.' He said, and felt his way along the cavern's side; his trembling colleagues, hearing his steps, called in the utmost terror upon him. He bade them follow, and, shuddering at the very thought of being left behind, they mechanically obeyed. Apostolico quickly discovered the steps. With all the eagerness of fear, they sprang up them; and, breathless with haste, with joy, and terror, rushed into the chamber at the top.

It was now break of day, and the grey light of morn, darting through the long windows of the chapel, cheered their spirits, and lessened their fears. But still tormented with the most dreadful apprehensions, they sped across the chapel; and, proceeding through a long range of desolate apartments, often, from the darkness that reigned in many of these uninhabited chambers, uncertain of the way, they found and descended into the secret passage which communicated with the inhabited part of the castle. Emerging from thence, the cheerful light of day once more burst upon their sight, and the horrors of superstition vanished from their minds. The party now separated; Tancred hastened to his own chamber; and the monks to that where their brethren impatiently awaited their return.

On the day immediately following this affair preparations were made for the interment of the lady Rodigona; and, in due time, a coffin, filled with rubbish, was borne to the grave, with all the pomp suitable to the rank of her it was supposed to contain.

In the mean time the indisposition of the lady Juliet rapidly increased, and alarming symptoms of a fever began to show themselves. The agitation of her feelings and the enfeebled state of her frame favoured its attacks, and the furious malady rose to a violent degree. Every power of medicine was exerted for some time to no purpose, and her life was despaired of. At length, however, the fever abated, and she recovered; but it was many weeks, after all danger was past, ere she could quit her chamber.

With an assiduity that, had he been stimulated by any other motive, would have merited commendation, the lord Tancred unceasingly attended her recovery. He appropriated almost the whole of his time to her society; he tried every method in his power to oblige her; and he spared no pains to divert her thoughts from dwelling on the subjects of her grief. Juliet was not insensible to his attentions, they won her gratitude and esteem, and she strove, in his presence, to re-assume her native cheerfulness; but, in spite of effort, the sorrowful feelings that struggled in her bosom would express themselves in her features. Then was the soft lustre

of

of her eyes dimmed with tears, and the sweetness of her voice rendered plaintive and tremulous by her sensibility. At these times he would grasp her hand in his, and fix his eyes with such an ardent, such a passionate gaze upon her lovely but woe-fraught countenance, as oft confused her.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SHOULD you deem the following extract, or any part of it, worthy of a place in your valuable miscellany, the insertion of it will oblige the young lady to whom the letter was addressed, as well as your obedient servant,

A CAITHNESIAN.

Wick, September, 1801.

An Extract of a Letter from a young Man to his Sister in Scotland, dated, London, 21st November, 1800.

'WITHOUT adverting to any circumstances, the remembrance of which I know will give you pain, allow me, my dear B. to make a few observations upon what, in my opinion, ought to be your future conduct. Be assured that, in what I write on this subject, my pen is guided by the dictates of a heart truly interested in your welfare.

'Of all the relative duties, there is none that ought to be more strongly inculcated than the duty of children to their parents; and this duty I shall therefore, in the first place recommend to your attention, although it be a subject upon which, I trust, there is no real necessity for saying any thing to you. We, my dear B. have great reason to be thankful that we are blessed with the most indulgent parents. Consider the obligations under which we lie to them;—consider the care they took of us when we were unable to take care of ourselves; and consider further, that you still are dependent upon them. Ought it not then to be your study to do nothing intentionally that can possibly give them offence, or occasion to them a moment's uneasiness? And ought you not to take care that your inclinations and wishes be only indulged in as far as you know them to be agreeable to your parents, or in as far as they may contribute to their comfort? They are now approaching to old age,—a period in which they will, in a peculiar degree, stand in need of the assistance of their children to comfort them. My brothers and I being at a distance, that duty of course devolves upon you and our sisters. That it will not be neglected by K. and P. I am well convinced; and I can say without flattery, that I have no doubt that it will not be more neglected by my dear B.

'True affection, will, I hope, ever characterise every individual belonging to our family; and therefore, to recommend to you to evince it in your conduct towards your sisters appears to me superfluous. I know you were wont sometimes to make a very unsuitable return for the solicitude with which they pointed out your faults; but that, and the other follies of your youth, you are now, no doubt, sorry for; and I beg your forgiveness for mentioning it.

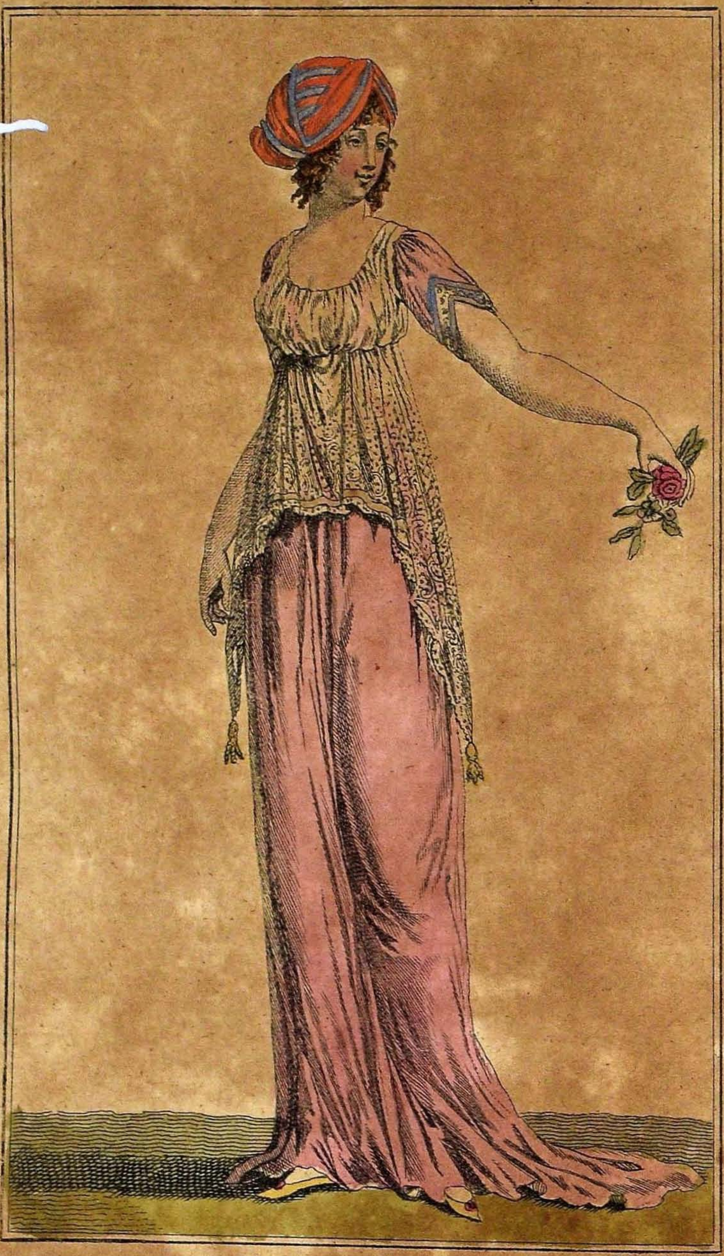
'With respect to your conduct towards your neighbours, I need only recommend to you to follow the example of our worthy mother and sisters. Be intimate only with those who, upon mature reflexion, you

you may find worthy of your friendship. Bear hatred to none; but show yourself ready to do good offices to all when in your power. In a particular manner I beg you may meddle as little as possible in the affairs of others: be it always your study to avoid giving cause for the tongue of calumny being set loose against yourself, rather than attempt to expose the failings of others. Such has ever been the line of conduct pursued by our mother and sisters. They have of consequence been generally esteemed; and, if you do not deviate from their example, you may depend upon it that you will be no less so.

'At the same time, however, that I recommend to you all the duties of morality, I wish you to keep ever in view that of yourself you can never perform them; and I beg to remind you, for your encouragement, that God hath himself declared that he will not withhold his aid from any one who sincerely asks it. Religion, my dear B. is of the greatest importance to all mankind; and in your sex it appears peculiarly amiable. This then is a subject which demands your most serious attention; but although it be absolutely necessary that you should rest your hopes of salvation upon the merits of the Saviour alone, yet you ought to prove the genuineness of your faith rather by your actions than by your professions: for, whatever our modern religionists may affirm, it is my opinion that that alone is true faith which is productive of the most good works.

'Beauty or fortune is what the generality of men now-a-days consider indispensable in a wife. So far from regretting that my sisters are possessed of neither, I rejoice that it is so; for although the greater number of men make choice of their wives on account of those externals, yet a man of principle, a man of good sense, views matrimony in quite a different light: he considers that upon his choice of a wife depends his domestic happiness or misery; and knowing that "beauty is a fair but fading flower," and that "riches often take to themselves wings and fly away;" and being convinced that neither of these can make amends for the evils of a wicked disposition or a bad temper, he makes the mental endowments and acquirements the criterion by which he judges. The man who acts thus is alone worthy of a good wife; and there is every reason to believe that no marriage which is not founded on this principle can ever be productive of real domestic happiness. Hence it has always been my opinion, that a young woman possessed of a greater degree of beauty than her neighbours ought rather to be an object of pity than of envy. It is true she will get married; but the affections of her husband being founded upon nothing permanent, when her beauty vanishes she will find that she is no longer beloved. A woman who is married on account of her fortune is exactly in a similar situation. In place of regretting, then, that you have neither beauty nor a fortune to procure you a husband, have you not cause to be thankful that it is so? Had it been otherwise, ten thousand chances to one if ever you would be happy in the married state. Now, however, if you enter into that state, the affections of the man who shall make you his choice must be fixed upon something rational—something solid, and of course you must enjoy domestic happiness. It is natural to suppose that you wish to get married; but when I tell you that it depends in a great measure upon yourself whether

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Octr. 1801.



Mutlow Sc. Bigwell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

ther it shall ever happen, I know you will see the necessity of making the cultivation of your mind your chief study: for, depend upon it, your hopes in this respect can only be well founded in proportion to the progress which you make in mental acquirements. There is nothing that tends more to improve the mind than reading. Do therefore consult K. as to the books which are most proper for you to read.

'There are several accomplishments which are absolutely necessary in a young woman, and which certainly you have an opportunity of making yourself mistress of. I shall only, at present, mention needle-work in all its branches; and music, though perhaps not so useful as the others, is a very genteel accomplishment, and one to which I must beg your particular attention. I know, as I used jocularly to observe, you have a genius for music, and that, if you were to persevere, you would soon make very great progress in it.

'I fear you will not like this letter; but, being the first time I ever had the pleasure of writing to you, I could not resist the inclination I had to communicate my sentiments on a subject of so much importance. I am only sorry that my abilities disqualify me from executing the undertaking in the manner I could wish; and I trust that, considering the whole as a well-meant attempt, you will pardon any observations I may have made which could possibly give you offence. When I have the pleasure of hearing from you, which I hope will be soon, you may expect a letter in a different strain from,

My dear B.

Your most affectionate Brother,

J. MACLEUS.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving elegantly coloured.*)

THE two head-dresses for full dress are the oblong head-dress ornamented with little silver fillets called *chefs*, and the veil laid flat on the head, and ever so little pinched up before, showing under the pinch either a diamond crescent, a rose, an *aigrette*, or sometimes a plume.

Sky-blue and rose are the most common colours for the Florence *capotes*, and muslin or crape robes.

White robes with silver spots, and tunics with points in like manner, sprinkled with silver spots or stars, are still worn. Long trains are also in vogue; but with respect to long waists the fashion seems undetermined, though there is no brilliant assemblage of fashionable company in which we do not see many of them.

Flowers are little worn, and then only in a bunch—the colour crimson. In jewellery the cornelian is the fashionable stone of the day. It is used in collars, ear-rings, bracelets, and seals. The collars of the newest taste have a large oval plate in cornelian hanging from a short chain of elastic meshes of gold.

Veils constitute the principal part of most head-dresses. For full dress they are left entirely to the taste of the coiffeur, who, with the assistance of *chefs*, or silver ribbons, forms them into oblong turbans. A great many *élégantes* use ribbons of unpolished silver, in the place of *chefs*. In half dress the veils are worn down, *à la religieuse*. Upon many of the most elegant head-dresses we observe an *aigrette* of hair, fastened with a pin. Black crape hats and black tunics are still in fashion. In general, rose is the prevail-

prevailing colour. The robes of the newest taste are cut *à la Psyche.* The ribbons are very narrow striped, and of very lively colours. The cambric bonnets are all the fashion for the morning; they are trimmed with gold, like the Spencers.

The collar of the gentlemen's coats is extraordinarily narrow.

LONDON FASHIONS.

A Round dress of thick white muslin; a *pellisse* of cambric muslin trimmed all round; long sleeves. A bonnet of buff silk, trimmed with purple ribbon.

A round dress of white muslin drawn close round the throat, with a double frill; long sleeves. A green handkerchief tied carelessly round the neck. A straw hat turned up in front, and trimmed with green ribbons.

Head-dresses.

A black silk hat turned up in front, with a full crown, and ornamented with black feathers.

A white muslin bonnet, trimmed and tied under the chin with white ribbon.

A straw hat turned up before, and lined with blue; blue ostrich feathers in front.

A bonnet of dark green silk, two ostrich feathers of the same colour placed in front to fall contrary ways; a bow of green, edged with white, on the left side.

A bonnet of pea-green or other coloured silk, tied under the chin, and ornamented with white feathers.

General Observations.

The most fashionable colours are buff, scarlet, and blue, for flowers and feathers.—White dresses are the most prevalent.

ACCOUNT *of the new* COMEDY *entitled* 'INTEGRITY,' *performed for the first Time at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Thursday, October 2.*

THE principal characters were thus represented:

Herman,..................Mr. H. Siddons.
Albert,..................Mr. Brunton.
Edward,..................Mr. H. Johnston.
Woolstan,..................Mr. Murray.
Uncle of Albert,.........Mr. Cory.
Waiter,..................Mr. Blanchard.
The Mother of Herman, Miss Chapman.
Juliet,..................Miss Murray.
Helen,..................Mrs. H. Johnston.
Maid,..................Mrs. Mattocks.

THE PLOT.

The scene is laid in Germany. It opens with a family groupe, consisting of Herman, a young lawyer, his mother, and sister Helen, who are dependent upon him for their support.—He is the hero of the piece, and from his tried integrity it takes its name. The means by which his rectitude of mind is put to the test form the principal scenes. He is represented as having successfully pleaded the cause of Woolstan, a brave but distressed soldier. His celebrity next induces a wicked uncle to seek his assistance to defraud his nephew Roland of his fortune. This proposal he spurns with contempt, under circumstances of the severest pressure. They are interrupted by the arrival of Albert, the lover of Helen, who proves to be the very Roland whom the uncle sought to disinherit: he had assumed the name of Albert, to avoid the search of his father, from whose unnatural treatment he had fled. This discovery completely destroys the uncle's hopes, who retires, and in revenge procures the banishment of Herman and Albert, upon a false charge. Arrived at the boundaries, Herman is overtaken by Edward, a youthful

youthful friend, naturally good, but led astray by the vice and folly of the world. He brings him the reversal of his sentence, his innocence having been discovered, and conducts him to a neighbouring edifice. This proves to be the house of Juliet, a lady whom he had seen and loved in early youth, whose image had never been absent from his mind, who had procured the reversal of his sentence, and who declares her love, proposing to put herself under his protection. Conceiving her a married woman, for such she was when he first saw her, he rejects the flattering offer. From this state he is soon relieved, by an assurance of the death of her husband, who is also the father of Albert. There is, therefore, no obstacle to their happiness, or that of Albert, in whose favour Edward, who was a lover of Helen, renounces his claim.

In the combination of these materials, the principal reliance is placed upon the sentiment, which is pure, and expressed in neat, sometimes beautiful, language. But the piece is liable to many objections. The *dénouement* appears somewhat abrupt, and many of the scenes are not very naturally produced. Most of the characters are mere sketches: indeed Herman is the only full-length portrait in the groupe. The great weight of the piece fell, consequently, on Mr. H. Siddons, who made his first appearance in that character. This gentleman comes forward with an hereditary claim to theatrical talents. He certainly has not disappointed the public expectation. His action is easy, without redundance; his enunciation correct; and considerable practice upon the northern theatres has made him perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage. His conception of the character was just, and his performance marked with energy and feeling. His denunciation against adultery, in the last scene, was given with good effect, and showed him possessed of considerable powers.—He is about the middle-size, and has a very expressive countenance, a softened likeness of the Kemble family. In the early scenes there was a huskiness in his voice; but it went off as he became impassioned, and elevated his tones. He experienced a very flattering reception. Mr. Cory, the next in novelty, acquitted himself very well in the character of the uncle. The scene in which his villany is discovered affords the only striking situation, and was managed with judgment.

Mr. Brunton, miss Murray, miss Chapman, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Mattocks, also acquitted themselves well in their several parts. The piece was announced for future representation with applause.

THE GRACES.

WHY is it said that there are three Graces, that they are sisters, and that they hold each other by the hand? Why are they represented as young smiling virgins, habited in floating robes, and their arms covered with a transparent veil? Some say the first bestows the benefaction, the second receives, and the third returns it. Why do the Graces dance holding each other by the hand? Because such is the progress of a benefit which passes into the hands of him who receives it, but must, nevertheless, at last return to those of the benefactor; because the beauty of this progress is lost as soon as it is interrupted, while, on the contrary, it subsists while benefits are bestowed and returned reciprocally.

procally. They have a smiling air, because the countenances of those who give, and of those who receive, are usually arrayed in smiles. They are young, because the remembrance of benefits received ought never to grow old. They are virgins, because they ought to be without change and without blemish. They wear no zone, because benefits are not to be ligatures and chains. The veil which covers their arms is transparent, because benefactions ought to be visible.

PERIANDER *of* CORINTH, *or* REVENGE;

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 476.)

PERIANDER, when he learned the flight of his son, feigned to be more angry than he really was; for in his heart he thanked the gods that he had escaped. The prospect of one day becoming the sovereign of Corinth, he doubted not must at length induce his son to relax in his pride. But a whole year passed, and he heard nothing of the youth. He every-where made inquiry after him, but in vain; and he began to believe that he was no longer living. The anger and pride of Periander then gave way. His eldest son was too weak in his intellects to intrust to him the tottering throne of Corinth, of which the noble and brave Lycophron would have been the firm support. He read in the eyes of the citizens their joy at his increasing age, and recognised the vengeance of the gods. He now recollected, with anxious dread, the prediction of the Delphic oracle, that heavy calamities should fall on his sons; and its fulfilment seemed to be hastened by his ambition and his pride. He had rejoiced that Corinth feared him, yet now he trembled at that fear; and wished that he had rather won the love of his subjects, which before he had contemned.

'Do you not perceive,' said his aged friend, 'that love is more to be desired than fear?'

In despite of all the doubts of his heart, Periander cast a haughty glance on the sage Medon. 'Let Corinth tremble,' said he, 'if it dares to dispute my power.'

'Tremble!' replied Medon.—'Dost thou still build thy power upon fear? Melissa trembled before thee; and in her thou hast murdered thy happiness. Thy children tremble before thee, and thou hast lost the noblest of thy offspring. All tremble before thee, but thy fate and the gods.'

Periander assumed a serious countenance, and became thoughtful; but his reflexions were solely employed on the means by which he might secure his declining power.

A descendant of the ancient sovereigns of Corinth, the Bacchiadæ, still lived: Amphion, a man of a rude and unamiable disposition, foolishly proud of the former splendor of his family, but destitute of all true nobility of mind. On him Periander cast his eyes, conceiving the design of giving him his daughter for a wife, and leaving to him the throne of Corinth. He accordingly sent for him, and made known to him his intentions. He then went to Melissa—who passed her days in pleasing dreams of her lover—and said to her in a commanding tone, 'Thou must be the wife of Amphion!'

Melissa turned pale, threw herself at his feet, and conjured him not to make her miserable.

'Miserable!' replied he, coldly: 'I secure to thee the throne of Corinth.

'Oh,

'Oh, my father!' replied Melissa, with a sigh, 'am I only to be considered as a step to the throne?'

Periander now repeated his command, and Melissa found herself compelled to declare that her heart was already united to the youth of her choice, in the closest bonds of tenderest affection.

'Silly girl!' replied he, coldly, 'I will break these bonds.'

'And with them my life must end,' answered Melissa, with extreme agitation.

'Be it so,' rejoined he, hastily; 'yet I will be obeyed.'

'Father, recollect your son Lycophron: you have still two children to lose.'

'It is better to be without children, than to be despised and insulted by them.'

'Lycophron lives,' said Melissa: 'I know where he is. To him of right belongs the sovereignty of Corinth.'

'He lives!' said Periander, astonished. 'Where is he?'

No threats were capable of inducing Melissa to betray her secret, until her father had solemnly promised her that he would consent to her becoming the wife of her lover. She then discovered to him the place of Lycophron's retreat, and the assumed name by which he passed at Corcyra. Periander immediately sent a herald to Corcyra, to declare to his son, that if he would return to Corinth, he would acknowledge his right to the sovereignty of that city. Lycophron, in whose soul the impression of the cruelty of his father in condemning him to expire of hunger was indelible, only answered the herald with these words: 'I am not his son.'

The messenger returned with this answer, and Periander now sent Melissa to Corcyra, to persuade her brother to return. She made the voyage, animated by the most pleasing hope, and, having landed on the island, joyfully hastened to the residence of Agathon among the mountains, to bear to her brother the offer of the diadem, and her constant heart to his faithful friend. Her lover met her with transport, but Lycophron continued inflexible.

'I am not the son of Periander,' said he, gloomily. 'He condemned me to perish with hunger. By the eternal gods I will not see him!'

'Lycophron,' said the gentle Melissa, seriously but tenderly; 'the gods may change thy heart. They have subdued the pride of thy father, and will they pardon the pride of the son exerted against his father? Thou art a noble youth: Corcyra loudly extols thy virtues. Wilt thou alone be wanting in magnanimity towards thy father? The pride of thy father knows no bounds: this is the cause of thy anger; but thy anger is as unbounded as his pride. Brother, learn to forgive, since thou art a man: the gods are inexorable to the inexorable. Thou art engaged in a dreadful struggle against thy father. Shouldest thou persist in thy resolution, he must be punished; but the gods will avenge him, and destroy thee with him. I conjure thee, forgive; and seek not to remedy an evil by another still greater. Oh, ye gods! how does one spirit, the spirit of revenge, actuate both father and son! Oh remove it, give them instead a feeling heart, and make them sensible that they ought to love each other.'

Melissa spoke in vain: Lycophron continued immoveable.

'Never,' said he, 'Melissa; never will I return to Corinth while my father lives!'

'Cruel man!' exclaimed Melissa. 'To what purpose have I and thy friend preserved thy life! If thou wilt not be a son, be a brother and a friend.

a friend. If thou art inexorable, at least be not ungrateful. The happiness of thy sister and of thy friend depends on thy consenting to be reconciled to thy father.'

Lycophron tore himself from his sister's embrace.

'By the immortal gods,' exclaimed he, 'I can die for thee; but I will not see thy father!'

He remained inexorable, and Melissa returned, sorrowful, and oppressed with melancholy forebodings of the ruin of her family, to Corinth.

She brought the unwelcome tidings to her father, but attributed the obstinate perseverance of her brother in his resolution to various causes, and insinuated that it was not so much to be ascribed to hatred and implacability as to fear of the anger of his father. She thus encouraged Periander still to hope a reconciliation might be effected; and stood, like a good genius, mediating between and assuaging the savage sentiments of vengeance and pride in the hearts of the father and the son.

The heavy sceptre of Corinth now required the stronger hand of youth; but the elder son of Periander was too feeble to sway it. Periander perceived how necessary it was to inspire the Corinthians with the hope of a milder government under a youthful king. The aged citizens of Corinth hated him, and the young, now hastening to maturity, no longer feared him. The concealed flames of insurrection already threatened to burst forth; and his prudence suggested to him the policy of relieving the Corinthians from the hated sight of their cruel sovereign.

He, therefore, now publicly sent a herald to Corcyra, to invite his son to return to Corinth, and immediately take upon him the sovereignty; declaring, that he would in that case come himself to Corcyra, and content himself with the government of that island.

This proposal was accepted by the ambitious youth. It was soon made known in Corcyra, and excited an universal alarm among the inhabitants, who were terrified at the very idea of coming under the government of the cruel Periander. They assembled in crowds around the house in which Lycophron resided, and intreated and conjured him, from gratitude to Corcyra, which had protected him from the anger of his vengeful father, to be reconciled to Periander.

'Recollect,' said Agathon, taking his hand, 'we afforded you an asylum from the rage of Periander; and would you now render us a prey to his cruelty sooner than break a vow, which no son ought to make, never to be reconciled to your father?'

'I have sworn by the gods,' said the ambitious youth, gloomily.

'Keep, then, thy vow, and endure the consequences of thy rashness! Renounce the sovereignty of Corinth! Shall thy friends suffer for the vows thou mayest make in thy ungovernable anger? How often hast thou exclaimed against the injustice of thy father, yet dost thou not act in like manner? He vowed to offer to the gods a statue of gold; and, that he might not break his vow, took by force from the women of Corinth their golden ornaments and trinkets. Is it not thus that thou actest?—Renounce the throne, and live with us, in the embraces of friendship, among grateful men.'

'I have consented. I have given my word to Periander. I cannot falsify it.'

Agathon now opened the door, and admitted some of the principal citizens of Corcyra; requesting them to

to join with him in intreaty. But nothing could move the ambitious Lycophron.

'Whatever,' said he, 'you owe to your country, I owe to Corinth. It gave me birth.'

'Country, then, for country!' exclaimed a young and noble Corcyrean. 'What dost thou think thou owest to Corinth?'

'Every thing,' answered Lycophron.

'The same, then, do I owe to my country.—Lycophron, I conjure thee, by the protection which Corcyra has afforded thee, abandon thy purpose.'

'I will go to Corinth,' said Lycophron.

'By the gods, thou shalt not!' exclaimed the Corcyrean. A dagger glittered in his hand, and he plunged it into the breast of the son of Periander.

Lycophron sank in the arms of Agathon, and his friend bore him, fainting, to a couch. They were soon left alone; and Lycophron, sensible his death approached, took a tablet, and wrote thus to his father:

'I die. Father, forgive thy son. I was inexorable; and the gods have punished me, as they punished thee. Since thou art a man, forgive the Corcyreans my death, and make my sister happy. Oppose not her love: reject not the wish of her heart. Farewell!'

He gave the tablet to his friend.

'My sister was in the right,' said he, with a feeble smile; 'the gods have avenged the father on the son.'

He stretched out his hand to Agathon; said—'Express for me my tenderest affection to my sister;' —and died.

(To be continued.)

Account *of a* Hindoo Devotee.

[*From Captain Turner's 'Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama in Tibet.'*]

THE Gosein Prânpooree exhibited so extraordinary an instance of religious penance, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating some particulars of his life.

Having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, he was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground, nor lie down to rest, for the space of twelve years. All this time he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I inquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep, when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post; but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing without such support.

The complete term of this first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of twelve years. Whether this particular period is chosen in compliment to the twelve signs of the zodiac, or to the Indian cycle of twelve years, I cannot decide. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that, before the term of this last vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over the

the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India through Guzerat. He then passed by Surat to Bussora, and thence to Constantinople. From Turkey he went to Ispahan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language, in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kussaucs (hordes of Cossacs) upon the borders of the Caspian Sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery; but at length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscow. He then travelled through the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and through Siberia, arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomboo, and Nipal, down to Calcutta.

When I first saw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tangun horse, from Bootan, and wore a satin embroidered dress, given to him by Teshoo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale; and his complexion, contrasted with a long, bushy, black beard, appeared really florid. I do not suppose that he was then forty years of age. Two Goseins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own, being fixed and immoveable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless.

The circulation of blood seemed to have forsaken his arms: they were withered, void of sensation, and inflexible. Yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

Other Goseins assured me, though I could not help doubting the fact, that it is practicable to restore withered limbs, thus circumstanced, to perfect use. This is effected they say, though not without great labour and some pain, by means of long continued friction, before a large fire, with a certain ointment which they compound. To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understand that there still remained two other experiments for Prânpooree to perform. In the first of these, the devotee is suspended by the feet to a branch of a tree, over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and swung backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pahr and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself for the last act of probation, which is, to be buried alive, standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose; the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered. In this situation he must remain for one pahr and a quarter, that is, three hours and three quarters; and if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank among the most pure of the Yogee (Jugi).

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

To merit the esteem of men, it is sufficient to be able to regulate our actions according to the civil laws of society; but to render ourselves beloved, they must be embellished with

with delicacy and grace. Acts of humanity, goodness of heart, and greatness of soul, necessarily attract respect; but even these do not always ensure happiness. Happiness is a continual exchange of benefits given and received, and may be found in an uninterrupted repose of the soul and calm of the senses.—Such situations are easily imagined, but seldom realised; yet by persisting in the search of them they are sometimes found. Like a painter who, to imitate nature, defaces a hundred times his first sketch, considers and examines in difficult lights the object he wishes to copy, and when he has caught it in the true point of view easily gives its likeness:—thus man, affected in a lively manner by every thing around him, is ruffled by various objects, till examining, and by degrees discovering the truth, he becomes the master of his passions. The principal causes of our misfortunes arise from the sensibility of the heart and the caprices of the mind. The great and important labour to be performed is to moderate this sensibility, when our desires will soon become less lively, and our caprices less frequent.

It is sentiment which realises ideas, and changes them into affections, into pleasures, into true riches, into moral gold. Thoughts which are attached to nothing are draughts upon an empty treasury. The fortune of the mind is in the soul. Thoughts which are not felt are the golden furniture of Midas: they are the casket found by the Arab when dying with thirst in the middle of the desert. He hoped he had found fruits.—'Alas!' exclaimed he, with anguish, 'here are only pearls.'

True courage is an intrepidity inspired by the contempt of danger; rashness a brutal madness which precipitates into it, because it does not see it, and frequently because it fears it. Courage, on the contrary, sees the danger, braves it, and flies to meet it. The coward, when spurred on by fury and shame, sometimes becomes rash; but the truly brave man, whom honour and virtue animate, feels, in the midst of the most pressing danger, emotions of courage which lead him to great actions. Rashness, in fine, is only a blind and transient emotion; but courage the effect of an enlightened magnanimity.

Women by their very condition are devoted to repose. Nature intended them, like flowers, calmly to display their charms in the parterre in which they were produced.

Modesty has a great advantage which alone would suffice to render it valuable,—it places a man at his ease; whereas arrogant pretensions oblige him to take a great deal of trouble to appear what he is not. It proves to others the merit we possess, or rather the defect of him who wants it; for as a blush may sometimes make a lady of pleasure pass for a woman of virtue, modesty may cause him to be thought a man of wit and learning who in reality possesses neither.

Superior qualities frequently render a man less fit for society: we do not go to market with ingots of gold, but with silver and small money.

Courtship pleases more than marriage, for the same reason that romances are more amusing than history.

Distrust those persons who are always distrustful; they fear being deceived from the habit they are in of deceiving every one.

It is better to lose a friend by too much frankness, than to be guilty of the meanness of deceiving him in order to please him.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

By Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

ADIEU, the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu, the grotto wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt and grassy plain!
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath chill'd the breath of ev'ry gale,
And swell'd each torrent of the hill:
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And wat'ry winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile,
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle,
Nor curfew tolling to beguile *
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul:
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll—
And rage, thou darken'd sky!

Thy blossom, though no longer bright,
Thy wither'd woods no longer green;
Yet, Eldun shore, with dark delight
I visit thy unlovely scene;
For many a sun-set hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew,
When his green light the fire-fly gave,
When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew.

And plough'd, as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea:
Then, while thy hermit nightingale
Sung on her fragrant apple-tree,
Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldun's shore
On such a moon-bright mountain stray'd,
As echo'd to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke—
No dying shriek thine echo knew!
But safe, sweet Eldun woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man!

Oh, heart effusions, that arose
By nightly wand'rings nourish'd here,
To him that flies from many woes
E'en homeless desarts can be dear!
The last, the solitary cheer
Of them that own no earthly home,
Say, is it not, ye banish'd race,
In such a lov'd and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes, I have lov'd thy wild abode
(Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore!)
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar!
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude!

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
Its milky bosom to the bee,
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree!
Forsaken scene! how like to thee
The state of unbefriended worth!—
Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls,
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth!

Oh, silent spirit of the place,
If, ling'ring with the ruin'd year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here;
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy

* During thunder-storms in the catholic countries of Germany, it strikes the imagination, in addition to the sublime horror of the scenery, to hear the pealing of bells from the adjacent monasteries, which are sounded as a religious ceremony to deprecate the effects of lightning.

Thy wildest walk a shelter giv'n,
Sublimer thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallow'd mind,
The majesty of Heav'n!

What, tho' the bosom-friends of Fate,
Prosperity's unwearied brood,
Thy consolations cannot rate—
Oh, self-dependent Solitude!
Yet, with a spirit unsubdued,
Tho' darken'd by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
Like pilgrim to the prophet's tomb,
Misfortune shall repair!

On her the world hath never smil'd,
Or look'd but with accusing eye:
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly.
I hear her deep soliloquy,
And mark her proud but ravag'd form,
As stern she wraps her mantle round,
And bids, on Winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm!

Peace to her banish'd heart at last
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beech-wood in the blast,
Her spirit shall refuse to bend;
But, bearing life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate
In triumph o'er afflicting fate
Her dark inspired mind!

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
A wand'rer's mountain-walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture-cover of its wing?
Then fly, thou tow'ring, shiv'ring thing,
Back to the fost'ring world beguil'd,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and revil'd!

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chac'd yon weeping deer:—
If Nature's all-majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear;
Or, if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Then search around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe!

His art and honours wilt thou seek,
Emboss'd on grandeur's giant walls?
Or hear his moral thunder speak
Where senates light their airy halls?
Where man his brother man enthralls,
Or sends his whirlwinds'-warrants forth;
To rouse the slumb'ring fiends of war,
To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth!

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark, on all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man hath been,
That Peace, the cherub, cannot stay:
In wilds and woodlands, far away,
She builds her solitary bower—
Where none but anchorets have trod,
Or friendless men to worship God
Have wander'd for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale
(And such, sweet Eldun vale, is thine)
Afflicted Nature shall inhale
Heav'n-borrow'd joys and thoughts divine—
No longer wish—no more repine
For man's regret, or woman's scorn—
Then wed thee to an exil'd lot,
For if the world hath lov'd thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

GLEE.

[*Written by Lord Thurlow in his earlier Years.*]

WHAT a frail life!—in fear and trouble past,
Form'd by a breath, to perish by a blast.
To this sad goal does every mortal run;
Dust his beginning, and his end a stone;
But yesterday the world in arms he led,
Now in an urn—his mouldering dust is laid!

EPITAPHS, BY JOHN WEBB.

I.

WHEN the loud trumpet shakes the vaulted skies,
And bids the tenant of this tomb to rise,
Then, reader, may you both, without dismay,
Behold the terrors of a judgment-day;
And, through a Saviour's merits, soar on high
To the bright scenes of immortality.

II. *On*

II. *On a Suicide.*

Deny'd a place in consecrated ground,
Here rests a wretch in this unhallow'd mound,
Who madly dar'd, with sacrilegious hand,
To quit the stage—nor waited heav'n's command;
Enter'd, precipitately, worlds unknown,
To read his sentence in his Maker's frown.

Stop, traveller!—these artless lines peruse,—
(This salutary warning of the Muse!)
And learn this lesson from the hapless dead,
Ne'er rashly to curtail thy vital thread.
If friends and relatives should prove unkind;
If Conscience, with her scorpions, sting thy mind;
If Fortune frown, and Pain thy vitals tear;
To touch the sacred springs of life forbear.

Though dearest ties on earth ungrateful prove,
Live! and ensure one friend that dwells above.
Though Conscience wound thee for thy mis-spent days,
Oh, live!—repent—the future spend in praise!
Though thy past life has been one scene of care,
Still live—perhaps to-morrow may be fair.

Oh, reader! cherish thine existence still;
And wait—with patience wait—th' Almighty's will:
Serve him with humble fear, and thou shalt rise,
And gain 'a bright reversion in the skies.'

III. *On a Young Lady who fell a Martyr to disappointed Affection.*

If beauty blasted in meridian bloom,
If youth consign'd untimely to the tomb,
Can cause thy heart to throb—thine eye to flow,
Here, passenger, indulge thy gen'rous woe.
Fair as blithe Spring, when vernal gales disclose
The silver lily and the crimson rose,
In radiant beauty bloom'd this lovely maid,
The loveliest flower in all the rural shade,
Till Love, that soft infatuating guest,
Robb'd of its wonted peace her tender breast:
Too weak such complicated ills to brave,
This beauteous victim sunk into the grave.

Whatever motive drew thy footsteps here,
Fair reader! this memorial claims thy tear.
May Sally's fate bestow that happy art,
From hurtful passions to secure thy heart!
May her catastrophe a beacon prove,
To warn thee of the shoals of lawless love!
Those fatal shoals on which ten thousands run,
Nor heed their ruin till they are undone.

And thou, gay youth! whose paths are strewn with flowers,
Whose days are spent in Pleasure's jocund bowers,
Forgoe awhile thy schemes of festive bliss,
And deeply pause on such a scene as this.
A scene like this may wholesome truths impart,
To mend thy morals, and correct thy heart;
For here Reflexion may her powers employ,
To damp the ardor of polluted joy;
To views superior may allure thy mind,
And point the way to rapture more refin'd.

All whom amusement prompts this spot to tread,
O read, reflect, and profit by the dead!
Nor let the sculptor and the bard complain,
This tomb was rear'd, and Sally died in vain.

John Webb.

Haverhill, Sept. 1801.

LINES

ON SEEING A LADY IN A DECLINE FROM ILL-TREATMENT IN A LOVE AFFAIR.

OFT wand'ring in the mossy dale,
I've seen the lily of the vale,
Unconscious of its doom,
To ev'ry piercing wind that blows,
To pearly dews and chilling snows,
Expand its beauteous bloom.

But ere the noon-tide time appears,
The icy show'r dissolv'd to tears,
Hangs lovely on the flow'r;
Like many friendless victims born,
It droops beneath the leafless thorn,
The victim of an hour.

The flow'rs, in balmy breathing spring,
When shepherd-boys and ploughmen sing,
Adorn again the grove;
But loveliness will ne'er return
To Laura, who must ever mourn,
The hour of hopeless love.

Yet when the clay-cold hand of Death
Consigns thee to thy kindred earth—
Thy aching heart at rest:
The Muse will oft at ev'ning hours,
Protect the many beauteous flow'rs
With which thy turf is drest.

And oft deep-shadow'd in the wild,
The sorrows of her fav'rite child,
In hallow'd accents mourn:
Or with some wand'ring spirit tread
The lonely path-ways of the dead,
To venerate her urn.

Cambridge. T. M.

ADDRESS TO THE CUCKOW.

'When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Sings cuckow—' SHAKSPEARE.

HAIL, welcome visitant! thy simple notes
Charm my pleas'd ears more than the sprightly lays
Of more accomplish'd songsters.—When thy voice
Is heard to echo through the shady grove,
I know, that rosy period, smiling Spring
Her annual reign commences. Blissful season!
The fairest of the four! when the glad eye
Ranges through all the blooming scenes of nature;
When rural music captivates the ear;
And when the crimson rose and purple violet,
With all the blushing family of flowers,
Regale the sense with odoriferous fragrance.
Hail, periodic guest! Thy wish'd return
Oft cheers my heart. Oh, could I mount like thee,
Like thee I'd emigrate on active wing,
And always dwell with rosy-crested Spring!

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, Oct. 1801.

ODE TO SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring! and cheer our plain,
Thy welcome annual visit deign
Our frigid soil to pay:
And come, thou Sun! reviving beam!
And gild our mead and gliding stream;
Cold Winter chase away!

And see where surly Winter flies;
His bellowing blasts forsake the skies,
At gentle Spring's command:
Nor dare he e'er thy reign oppose,
With all his hosts of frosts and snows,
Although a powerful band.

The spring of life returns not so
With us; we only one spring know,
And that's of youth the flower:
Our summer hurries on apace,
And autumn follows in the race,
Next winter,—then we're o'er.

But thou, O Spring! wilt still return,
And bless the nations yet unborn,
Till time shall be no more:
Thy pleasing reign shall glad the field,
And cause the earth her fruits to yield,
Of herb, and plant, and flower.

T.

A PARADOX.

THOUGH strangely diff'rent Eng-
glishmen in mind,
That scarce in two the same ideas we
find,
Yet still agreed in one opinion sure,
That 'money's scarce, and all are
sadly poor.'
The century past full sway this lan-
guage bore, [more:
And will, no doubt, usurp it twenty
But should we survey every station,
Each business, rank, and avocation,
Where's the poor man seen through-
out the nation?
'How hard the times!' the lower class
complain;
Yet scarce from them civility you gain:
They tell you no employment can be
got,
Though, while they've money, will
they work a jot;
To spend it soon, a mode howe'er
they seek,
A club at least they frequent once a
week;
Not all—for sainted Monday aids their
views,
To play at skittles, or to read the news.
The honest tradesman, too, with
business slack, [hack;
Can sport his curricle and cross his
With bills unpaid, and tax'd to great-
est pitch, [rich;
He's deadly fearful lest he grow too
Therefore he keeps a table, for this
reason,
With fish and flesh the choicest of the
season;
In lieu of porter—happier æra!—
No beverage suits him but Madeira.
But why this substitute?—Let this suf-
fice, [the price:
To know and feel, it bears ten times
Add, too, his prudent wife and child-
ren aid
To sink the profits of the retail trade;
And, last effort to render all complete,
He keeps his girl, and rents his coun-
try-seat:—
As such his shifts, we cannot fairly
wonder, [under.
How he contrives to keep his riches
Hear then the wary merchants moan
their losses—
Insurance heavy, with domestic crosses;
All trade stagnated—much too bad to
bear;
Effects of this most sad disastrous war:
Yet still to get or spend, I know not
which,
Requires more wit, or on what means
they pitch, [rich.
But certain 'tis they grow immensely
And, hist! we find them not unfrequent
thought, [groat:
Though rich as ever, scarcely worth a
Be't how it may, to spend their wealth
so prone, [their own,
That, when successful and consum'd
They think it but a merely lawful la-
bour [neighbour;
To waste the substance of their nearest
And when gazette the bankruptcy
shall crown,
You'll find they spent (what mer-
chants oft are prone)
Ten times of others more than of
their own!
Now, then, the class of noblemen re-
view;
Each living like a prince, in palace too,
Who vie with royalty in pompous show,
And spend their thousands—but with
credit though;
For oft we hear expended, at one party,
(In eating, drinking, we suppose, and
hearty)
That ample sum which, timely but
supplied, [want have died!
Had sav'd vast numbers whom with
Nay, know we not (cash squander'd
with dispatch) [match:
The thousands spending on a boxing-
But, here, humanity too often fleeces
Him who has back'd the mortal *knock'd
to pieces:*
So must our nobles; or, at least, they
ought [thought;
Be amply rich, and strictly virtuous
Yet, should you traverse mortgag'd
matters down, [a crown.
You'll find their words scarce equal to
This may suffice the paradox to clear;
All men are rich though poor—cobler
and peer;
Hath not the senate, in a language bold,
National bankruptcy full long foretold?
Yet still our funds increasing loans defy,
And rise prodigious on each new supply.
How this may be explain'd let states-
men tell: [well.
If borne but patiently—why, then, all's

August, 1801. H. FRANCES.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Sept. 4.

ON the 17th of August the siege of Alexandria commenced in form. On that day general Coote advanced (after an attack had been made on the French gun-boats, two of which had been blown up and two sunk) along the lake Mareotis, to take post with his corps of 5000 men at Marabon, which he effected without any opposition on the part of the garrison of Alexandria.

During this operation the English squadron before Alexandria made a feigned attack on the city, while general sir J. Hutchinson attacked the outer intrenchments of the enemy; a part of which, on what are called the Green Hills, was carried by the English with very little loss.

On the 26th of August, general Menou requested an armistice, to adjust the articles for the evacuation of that city. General Hutchinson, in concert with the grand vizier and the captain pacha, consented to this proposal; and the armistice began on the 27th of August, on which day general Hutchinson sent off dispatches to inform his court of this important event.

General Menou did not request an armistice till the English had taken two important posts, by means of which he still maintained some communication with the surrounding country, and procured supplies of provisions.

General Hutchinson, after taking these and other posts, summoned general Menou to surrender, with the garrison of Alexandria, prisoners at war, unless he would abide the consequence of a general assault by the three combined armies of the English, the grand vizier, and the captain pacha. To this summons general Menou returned a firm answer; but at length found himself compelled, by the discontent of his garrison, who had lost all hope of receiving succour, to solicit an armistice, in order to conclude an honourable convention, the conditions of which we expect very soon to receive. No dispatches have for a long time arrived so speedily from Egypt as these.

Leghorn, Sept. 6. The king of Etruria has levied a loan of 150,000 scudi at Leghorn, which has been immediately raised.

The commander of Porto Ferrajo has declared that he will not desist from the defence of the place till he has received a formal declaration in writing, signifying that the archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany has renounced his right to that port.

Milan, Sept. 12. According to accounts from Naples, a Russian ship of the line and two frigates are lying in the harbour there, to convey home, as is supposed, the troops of that nation remaining in the kingdom of Naples. The remainder of the Neapolitan marine, consisting of two ships of the line, two frigates, and a corvette, will be delivered up to the French.—The minister Acton is expected at Naples. More French troops are marching into the Neapolitan territory. General Soult has given in a notification to the inhabitants, containing an estimate of the cost of maintaining the French troops; in which he shows that the new taxes are not sufficient for the defraying of it.

Rome, Sept. 14. Several families of distinction have arrived here from Naples, on account of the disturbances in that city. Other families have removed to Palermo in Sicily. A chief of the name of Mammone is at the head of the malcontents; he is at present on the boundaries between the Roman and Neapolitan territories, and appears determined to give battle to the troops sent against him.

In the island of Sardinia there are likewise similar disturbances. A man of the name of Mammia, in the northern part of that island, has put himself at the head of a great multitude of people, among whom he distributes honours and privileges. He defies the troops and all the measures taken against him by the

the government; sets a price on the heads of those who oppose him; promises liberty and friendship to those who offer no resistance; makes prisoners; and levies money, without being able either to write or read. If every thing be true that is reported of these two fellows, Mammone and Mammia, they appear to mean to act in their countries the part of Paswan Oglou. Their reign, however, will probably be very short.

Aix, Sept. 17. A few days ago, Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest of the first consul's brothers, passed through this place on his way to Paris. He had sailed with the squadron under admiral Gantheaume. He stated that the soldiers and sailors had suffered a great deal during the expedition, from the want of water and provisions; and it was bad weather alone which prevented the landing of the troops on the coast of Egypt within 40 leagues of Alexandria; since the squadron remained two days in sight of the shore, without seeing any of the English or the inhabitants. A corvette, however, reached Alexandria, but it had only women and artists on board.

Italy, Sept. 18. According to some accounts from Naples, new differences and disputes have arisen there about the beginning of this month, in consequence of the behaviour of the French, who, in their turn, complain of having been insulted.

Vienna, Sept. 19. On the 16th arrived here baron Kettler, from Munster, with advice that the archduke Anthony Victor had been elected prince bishop of Munster.

In the night between the 16th and 17th instant arrived here count Louis Cobentzel from Paris. At his audience of leave the chief consul conversed with him very circumstantially on the difficulties attending the negotiations. The present (which is not usual) made to the count on taking leave was an extremely valuable epaulette, suited to the Order of St. Stephen, to which the count belongs. Among the diamonds in this epaulette, is one which weighs 16 carats, and is of the finest water. His excellency will to-day take the direction of foreign affairs in the state chancery.

The French embassador, counsellor Champagny, has not yet arrived, but is expected the day after to-morrow.

Lord Minto expects passes by Mr. Merry, from the French minister Talleyrand, to return with his lady by the way of Calais to England.

Hague, Sept. 19. The acknowledged necessity of a change in the constitution of the Batavian people appeared sometimes to occupy the attention of the majority of the executive directory of this republic. This majority has at length submitted its project on this head to the sanction of the people, by communicating it in the notification to the legislative body of this nation.

A single voice in the first chamber of the legislative assembly formed the majority against taking the opinion of the people on these circumstances.

The second chamber was divided in opinion: in order to prevent the consequences that might arise from a debate on the subject, and to allow the people time to avail itself of its rights, and to declare its wishes, the directory has in its wisdom thought proper to suspend the sittings of the representative body till the people shall have made its declaration; and the provisional closing has been put in execution yesterday, by the minister of the general police, and the commandant of the Batavian troops in the constitutional district, according to the orders of the directory, and with the approbation of the presidents of both chambers.

This business has been executed without any disturbance, and without the knowledge or opposition of a single person.

Ratisbon, Sept. 21. The elector of Cologne has this day given in a protest against the declaration of the electorate of Brandenburg, relative to the suspension of the election of a bishop.

Hague, Sept. 22. The new revolution here is now complete, and no disturbance or change has taken place since the 19th. On the 18th, in the evening, the directory issued its proclamation, and committed the guard of the Hague to general Augereau. The hall in which the legislative body meets still continues shut up: the new constitution will be presented to the people for their approbation on the first day of October; and there is no doubt that it will be accepted. The power of the legislative body will then

cease;

cease; and several of the members who were in the minority, friends of the directory, will probably be appointed members of the council.

Berne, Sept. 23. The motions of the French and Swiss troops still continue. We are assured, that the latter will take possession of the Frickthal.

Hague, Sept. 26. The party in opposition to the present three directors, which is so firmly devoted to the constitution of 1798, and will hear of no other, remains, notwithstanding, very quiet, well knowing that our present government is powerfully supported by the French. The new revolution has hitherto been accompanied with no commotion, nor occasioned the shedding of a single drop of blood.

The opposition to the new constitution which had been formed in the department of the Texel in North Holland has likewise ceased.

Among our eight agents, or ministers, only two have refused to acknowledge the present directory.

The dissolved legislative body remains quiet. The presidents of the two chambers are friendly to the new constitution.

Frankfort, Oct. 3. To-day the Austrian minister, count Schlick, who is appointed commissary of election for the election of Cologne, set out from this city for Ahrensberg, accompanied by the counsellor of legation, M. Schiellen. His excellency received, the day before yesterday, a courier from Vienna, and immediately sent off an estafette, which he followed with so much dispatch, that the day after to-morrow he will be at the place of election.

Count Kessastadt, the nephew of the late stadtholder of Treves, had already arrived on the 1st inst. and brought count Schlick an invitation from the chapter at Ahrensberg, to repair thither.

Hague, Oct. 3. A part of the 15,000 French troops which are to be withdrawn from our republic have already begun their march.

Several of our gazettes contain the following article:—"Letters from Berlin, of good authority, assert, that his Prussian majesty has entirely relinquished every wish for the restoration of the House of Orange, in any manner, in the Batavian republic.

"His majesty has entered into an agreement with the French government relative to the indemnities to be allotted the House of Orange in Germany, and already proposed to the Batavian republic, that, for a certain sum, the House of Orange shall renounce all its demands on that republic."

6. The arrival of the courier from Paris, who was the bearer of the news, that the preliminaries had been signed with England, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Semonville communicated it to the executive directory.

At this moment the cannon are announcing it to the city: in the evening there will be a general illumination.

The registers are closed.—The number of votes in favour of the constitution is much greater than of those who are against it.

Paris, Oct. 12. Peace between the French republic and his majesty the emperor of Russia having been concluded and signed at Paris, by the minister for foreign affairs, and by Mons. the count de Marcoff, the ratifications were exchanged yesterday (Oct. 11), between the respective plenipotentiaries.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Præfect of Police.

"I have the honour to inform you, citizen præfect, that peace between the French republic and his majesty the emperor of Russia having been signed here by Mons. the count de Marcoff and by me, the ratifications have been exchanged this day, the 19th Vendemaire.

"I intreat you to have this peace proclaimed in the accustomed manner.

I salute you, (Signed)

"C. M. TALLEYRAND."

A true copy.

"The Præfect." (Signed) DUBOIS."

The publication was made last night by torch-light with great pomp, by all the commissaries of police, assembled in all the squares and streets, to the acclamations of all the citizens.

It is asserted, and it appears to be certain, that peace between France and Turkey is negotiating at this moment, and that it will soon be signed.

HOME NEWS.

Didsbury, Sept. 6.

As a gentleman and lady were travelling on the road adjoining the river Mersey, between this place and the Northern Ford, some boys disturbed a wasp's nest, by which the horse was so severely stung, that he instantly ran back into the river, which is five or six yards deep. The lady and gentleman fortunately leaped out as the chaise was falling over the bank, and escaped being hurt. The horse was drowned, and when taken out of the river many wasps were found sticking on his head. It is supposed that, from the dreadful manner the animal was stung, he must have died had he not been drowned.

Yarmouth, Sept. 7. Jacob Preston, esq. was last week elected mayor of this town. The ceremony of choosing the mayor is curious: six members of the common council and six freemen of the borough are locked up in the great hall near the church, until nine are unanimous in the choice of one person. The electors were this year thirty-three hours in coming to their determination. They have, however, been known to sit nine days. Neither food nor light should be admitted into the room during the election, but the parties left to watch and starve each other out.

Edinburg, Sep. 7. This morning, about six o'clock, a shock of an earthquake was felt in this city and its vicinity. It was violent, but luckily its duration was only about two seconds. It is thought the shock has been pretty general, as the same sensation was experienced in Glasgow, a distance of 44 miles, about the same moment. It was also felt at Dumferline, in Fife. The weather had been cold, with easterly winds and rain.

Worcester, Sept. 9. The following melancholy accident happened in a field in the parish of Hallow, near this city, on Monday last:—On the morning of that day Mr. Henry Williams, aged 21 years, fourth son of the late John Williams, esq. of St. John's, went out for the purpose of shooting partridges, taking with him a double barrelled gun. On finding birds, he is supposed to have discharged one of the barrels only, and in the act of stooping to pick up the game the other barrel, it is thought, went off, the whole contents of which entered his head. From the appearance of the wound he is conjectured to have died instantly. His body was not discovered till Tuesday morning about eleven o'clock, when his two pointer dogs were found faithfully guarding their unfortunate master. He was a young gentleman of great promise, and highly respected by all who knew him. A coroner's inquest was taken on Wednesday morning. Verdict—accidental death.

Newcastle, Sept. 12. On Thursday evening the following melancholy and lamentable accident happened off the Spanish battery, near the entrance of Shields harbour:—A party, consisting of captain Stephen Hunter, of this town, the captain of the ship Peggy, the mate's wife, and four boys, were returning about seven o'clock in a boat from on board the Marianne, which vessel they had set over the bar, and parted with their friends therein: in order to avoid the strong current, they came too near the shore, and got among the rocks below the Spanish fort, as above, when the boat was shortly after overset by the violence of the waves, and (the wind at that time strong from the S.E.) the whole, except one boy, were thus unfortunately drowned.

Captain Hunter, the woman, and one boy, were washed overboard before the boat upset; and the other boys were several times driven by the force of

of the breakers off the bottom of the boat, upon which they had got. The bodies of the whole came on shore about a quarter of an hour after the accident, except that of capt. Hunter, which had not been found yesterday morning. The above distressing scene happened not more than twenty yards from the shore, and in sight of several persons on the banks; but no assistance could be given from the heaviness of the sea at the time. One man (belonging to the artillery) ventured a considerable way in, with great intrepidity, but unhappily without effect.

Dover, Sept. 15. Two French boats arrived here early this morning from Calais, with dispatches, &c. Mr. H. Hammersley and Mr. Tho. Wedgwood came passengers in one of them. Dispatches go and come as fast at present as at any time during the negotiation. Capt. Lattemere also returned. Great hopes are entertained in France that the negotiation will soon be brought to a happy conclusion.

Dublin, Sept. 15. A very smart press took place on the river Liffey last night, when, it is said, upwards of 180 seamen were taken out of the trading vessels for his majesty's service.

Some pieces of flying artillery, on an apparently new construction, some of which were of a tolerably large calibre, being about eight-pounders, were sent from the ordnance yards of this city to the country, on Saturday; others also, from four to six pounders, were likewise sent, as also arms and ammunition, &c. which were all conveyed under a strong military escort.

It is confidently reported, that on the demise of the present incumbents, all sinecure places, in the civil or revenue departments, will for ever be abrogated; for which purpose an accurate inquiry has been instituted.

Sir Henry Brown Hayes is to be transported to Botany Bay for life. The other convicts, in the different parts of the kingdom, are to be collected at Cork, whence they are to be embarked on board two transports, which are expected from England.

London, Oct. 2. The happy intelligence of the signing of the PRELIMINARIES of PEACE between this country and the French republic was communicated this morning to the public in the following

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

Downing-street, Oct. 2.

Preliminaries of peace between his majesty and the French republic were signed last night at lord Hawkesbury's office, in Downing-street, by the right honorable lord Hawkesbury, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, on the part of his majesty, and by M. Otto on the part of the French government.

The following communication was also made to the lord mayor, and at Lloyd's:

"*Downing-street, Oct.* 1, 1801.

"My Lord,

"I have the satisfaction of informing your lordship, that the Preliminaries of Peace between Great Britain and France have been signed this evening by me on the part of his majesty, and by M. Otto on the part of the French government. I request your lordship would have the goodness to make the intelligence immediately public in the city.

"I have the honour, &c.

"HAWKESBURY.

"*The right hon. the Lord Mayor.*"

Mr. Hunter, jun. the messenger, was sent with the above letter to the lord mayor. His lordship was out of town. Mr. Hunter went to his country seat, and returned with his lordship at nine this morning, when the news was immediately made public.

It is impossible to express the tumult of joy that prevailed in every part of the metropolis as soon as the intelligence transpired. Lloyd's was so crowded to read the communication from government that it was scarcely possible to move.

3. A very melancholy event took place at Chelsea-hospital yesterday morning. Two invalid captains had entertained an animosity towards each other; but it was prevented from breaking out into violence by the influence

fluence of a superior officer, who constantly laboured to reconcile them.—Death unfortunately removed that restraint; and the enmity, of which we know not the cause, at length produced the fatal effect so long dreaded. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, one of them came to the chamber of the other, as he was in the act of rising from his bed. He brought with him a case of pistols, which he bought the day before, and, presenting one of them to his adversary, demanded honourable satisfaction. The other indignantly struck the proffered present from his hand, and, by its fall to the ground, the trigger was broken. The assailant then left the room; but whether of his own accord or by compulsion is not known. He did not, however, go away; but, turning round, he fired through the glass window in the door, and shot the unfortunate man within right through the heart. The report of the pistol excited an immediate alarm, and attracted all the people of the place to the spot, where they found the two old captains, one dead on the floor, and the other standing at the door, from which he never made any attempt to stir. Being questioned as to the melancholy event, we understand he gave the above account of it, said it was he who fired the shot, and did not betray any consciousness of his having done a criminal or improper act. From this circumstance, and his whole manner and behaviour, he is supposed to be insane. They were both nearly 80 years of age.

West Cowes, Oct. 4. A fatal accident was near happening the other day to lady Louisa Manners, and her two lovely daughters, in a boat in which they went on the water: the wind suddenly rising when they were a few miles from the shore, placed them in the most imminent peril of being overwhelmed in a tremendous sea. A pilot of this place perceiving, from a glass, the danger of their situation, put to sea in a larger vessel for their deliverance, which he happily effected, and saved our fair visitors from a watry grave.

London, Oct. 10. This day at noon M. Laureston, the chief consul's first aide-de-camp, arrived in town with the ratification of the preliminaries of peace. He had dispatched two couriers before his departure from Dover, to order horses on the road, and to announce his arrival to M. Otto. He entered London over Westminster-bridge, his horses decorated with ribbons, and the word PEACE conspicuous upon the carriage. The populace, who had been apprised of his being on the road, greeted him immediately upon his arrival, and followed his carriage with continued huzzas and acclamations of "Peace for ever! Blessings on the peace-makers!" to M. Otto's house in Hereford-street, Oxford-street.—As soon as he alighted at that gentleman's, there issued from the house a table covered with rockets and other fireworks, which were fired off, and announced to the multitude the arrival of the ratification. A hogshead of beer was also distributed from a neighbouring public house.

M. Laureston remained at M. Otto's but a few minutes. He returned to his carriage with that gentleman, and proceeded to Reddish's hotel, where apartments had been taken for him. The populace would not suffer him to be drawn by horses, but took them out, and, yoking themselves, drew the two gentlemen amidst the loudest huzzas to Reddish's. As soon as they arrived there, M. Otto presented M. Laureston at a window to the populace. He bowed several times, threw some money among the populace, and was greeted with acclamations. After he had made some alteration in his dress, he proceeded to lord Hawkesbury's office, in company with M. Otto. The populace again drew him from St. James's-square quite to Downing-street, crying out "Peace for ever!" Lord Hawkesbury was waiting at his office for the gentlemen, and the ratifications were exchanged at two o'clock. At half past, the tower and park guns announced the wished-for event to every part of the metropolis. The ratification of the preliminaries was announced to the lord mayor by the following letter:

"To

"To the right hon. the lord mayor,

"*Downing-street, Oct.* 10, 1801.

"My lord,

"I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that general Laureston arrived in town this morning, with the ratification of the preliminaries of peace, signed on the first instant.

"The ratification of the two governments has this afternoon been exchanged between M. Otto and myself.

(Signed) "HAWKESBURY."

About four o'clock the following gazette extraordinary was published:

"*Downing-street, Oct.* 10, 1801.

"The ratifications of the preliminary articles of peace between his majesty and the French republic, signed on the first instant, were this day exchanged by the right honourable lord Hawkesbury, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, and by M. Otto."

From the time the cannon were fired, the streets and squares were so crouded as to be rendered almost impassable. As soon as the day closed, the reign of squibs and crackers, of discharges of guns and pistols, accompanied with huzzas, commenced. The illuminations were general, and in many places very splendid.

BIRTHS.

September 21. In Queen Ann-street West, the lady of Charles Smith, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of sir John Sinclair, bart. M. P. of a son.

23. At Carlow, the honourable Mrs. Henniker, of a daughter.

27. At Marske-hall, in Cleveland, the lady of the hon. Lawrance Dundas, of a daughter.

Mrs. Vere, of Grosvenor-place, of a daughter.

October 1. In Baker-street, the hon. Mrs. Smith, of a son.

At his house in Nottingham-place, the lady of W. Berners, esq. of a daughter.

Signora Cianchettini, of Poland-street, of a daughter.

2. The lady of G. N. Best, esq. of Bedford-row, of a son.

Mrs. Bicknell, wife of Mr. Bicknell, solicitor to the Admiralty, at his house in Norfolk-street, Strand, of a daughter; and Mrs. Skey, his daughter, the wife of Samuel Skey, esq. of Spring-grove, Worcestershire, of a son and heir.

3. At his house in Weymouth-street, the lady of sir H. Martin, bart. of a son.

10. At Hammersmith, the lady of Douglass Loveday, esq. of a daughter.

12. At his house, at Hampton-court, the lady of William Stiell, esq. of a daughter.

Lady Charles Somerset, of a still-born son, at his lordship's house in Tenterden-street.

The lady of W. Boscawen, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Baker-street, Portman-square.

17. The lady of H. R. Reynolds, esq. of Great James-street, Bedford-row, of a daughter.

Lately, the lady of lord Elgin, the English embassador at Constantinople, of a daughter, who was immediately inoculated with the cow-pock.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 24. Mr. Geo. Rule, of the Inner Temple, to miss Jeffery, of Ashford.

Henry Byne, esq. of Carshalton, Surrey, to miss Thomas, only daughter of Proctor Thomas, esq. of Drake's-place, near Wellington, Somersetshire.

25. Benjamin Barfoot, esq. of Cornhill, to miss Rachel Harris, of Harwich.

Capt. Richard Low, of the Fifeshire fencibles, to miss Manners, daughter of the hon. Mr. Manners, of Lambeth.

The rev. William Delves, vicar of Ashburnham, Sussex, to miss Eyles, of Frant, in the same county.

27. Thomas Pemberton, esq. to miss Rayment, only daughter of the late W. Rayment, esq. late of Sudbury, Suffolk.

October 1. Mr. Wm. Blackall, to miss Eliz. Hewson, both of Basinghall-street.

3. Mr. Steph. Jones, of Friday-street, to miss Mary Lyley, late of Wakefield.

5. George Potter, esq. of the East-India House, to miss Gunning, eldest daughter of the late John Gunning, esq. of Old Burlington-street.

—— Brisac, esq. to miss Farquharson, of Harley-street.

Brigadier-general John Murray, to miss M. Pasco, niece to W. Baker, esq. comptroller of the customs at Montreal.

Thomas Wilson, esq. of the Pay-office,

office, Somerset-place, to miss Mein, daughter of Thomas Mein, esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

6. At Newport, Isle of Wight, Richard Bullen, esq. of the 2d, or royal North British dragoons, to miss Jemima Sutherland, youngest daughter of the late captain Sutherland.

The rev. sir John Head, bart. to miss Walker, of Russel-place.

7. John Conway, esq. to miss Christie, eldest daughter of James Christie, esq. of Pall-mall.

Joshua Ingham, esq. of Blake-hill, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, to Mrs. Welsh, of Shaw-house, Wilts, widow of the late George Welsh, esq. banker.

8. Col. Roberts, of the Bengal establishment, and lieut. of his majesty's band of gentlemen pensioners, to miss Wake, sister of sir Wm. Wake, bart.

13. Thomas Wynn, esq. nephew to lord Newborough, to the right hon. lady Charlotte Bellasyse, eldest daughter of the earl Fauconberg.

Sir John Riggs Miller, bart. to miss Beauchamp, of Park-place, St. James's, eldest daughter to the late John Beauchamp, esq. of Pengreese, Cornwall.

14. At Forden, Montgomeryshire, lieut.-col. Cockburn, eldest son of sir James Cockburn, to the hon. M. Devereux, daughter of lord Hereford.

Mr. Allen, merchant, Ironmonger-lane, to miss Eliz. Smith, of Belfast.

17. At Tottenham, Mr. Robert Nunn, of Friday-street, to miss Cecilia Willmott, daughter of the late Mr. John Willmott, of that place.

Dr. Nevinson, of Somerset-street, Portman-square, to Mrs. Moody, of Coopersale, Essex.

DEATHS.

Sept. 17. At Edinburgh, the right hon. lady Elizabeth Kemp, wife of the rev. Dr. Kemp, one of the ministers of that city, and sister to the earl of Hopetoun.

24. At Edinburgh, major Robert Wallace, of the 17th reg. of foot, eldest son of Alex. Wallace, esq. banker there.

28. At Lewes, in Sussex, Richard Peters Rickman, merchant.

At Margate, Mrs. Spencer, widow of the rev. Woolley Leigh Spencer.

At his house, in Edinburgh-castle, Benjamin Bartlet, esq. store-keeper.

At Ramsgate, Mrs. Roebuck, widow of Abraham Roebuck, esq. late supercargo at Canton.

29. At Langford-parsonage, Essex, the rev. C. Phillips, vicar of Terling.

At Stratford-le-Bow, the rev. Allan Harrison Eccles, rector of that parish.

30. Mr. Isaac Pearson, solicitor, of St. Saviour's church-yard, Southwark.

Oct. 2. At his house, in Hampton-court, R. Child, esq. late of Old-street.

3. In Upper King-street, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Romaine, widow of the rev. William Romaine, A. M. late rector of St. Andrew by Wardrobe, and St. Ann's, Black-friars, and lecturer of St. Dunstan's in the West.

At Cotham, the rev. William Topham, vicar of Shaftsbury, Dorset.

5. At St. Lucy's, lady Chapman, consort of sir Benjamin Chapman, bart.

6. At Bristol Wells, the lady of Edward Simeon, esq.

7. Mr. George Nairne, of Ely-place.

8. Mrs. Schrieber, at her home, at Tixover, in Rutland.

9. In Upper Berkley-street, Hastings de Feuillide, only son of the late count de Feuillide.

At Britfeildstown, in the county of Cork, lady Roberts, wife of sir Thomas Roberts, bart.

10. At Canterbury, Mrs. Joan Elizabeth Knatchbull, sister to the late sir Wyndham Knatchbull Wyndham, of Mersham-hatch, Kent, bart.

Charles Floyer, esq. Dosthill-manor, Staffordshire.

At his seat, at Bassingbourn-hall, Essex, his grace Robert, lord archbishop of Dublin.

Mr. John Binns, banker, of Leeds.

11. At Bath, in the prime of life, the lady of lord John Russell.

At Richmond, Surrey, Robert Darell, esq. of Sackville-street, deputy-governor of the South-Sea company.

At Setton, near Liverpool, the rev. R. Rothwell, esq. M. A. rector of that place, in the 84th year of his age.

13. At her house, in Hertford-street, Park-lane, the countess of Holdernesse.

At Blandford, Dorsetshire, Dr. R. Pulteney, physician and naturalist.

18. Mrs. Bartholomew, wife of Leonard Bartholomew, esq, of Arlington-place, Kent.